

# THE FAVORITE

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## THE SILENT VOICE.

BY J. A. PHILLIPS.

The waves with thousand voices come babbling to the shore,  
And each one tells a different tale, with a varied roar;  
The wind is singing changeable songs—now roaring in its might,  
Now whispering like a lover fond, who sues his lady bright;  
The little birds are chirping all—each sings a different tune,  
For some will tell of the coming fall, some sing of the leafy June;  
The trees are rustling in the breeze—some sigh with wearied moan,  
Some laugh, some dance for joy, while some with sorrow groan.

All things of nature and of art speak with a varied voice,  
As they come to us in our sober moods, or come when we rejoice;  
But there is one voice, whose constant tone ever remains the same—  
It comes when silent and alone; it speaks—but has no name;  
It speaks, and yet is never heard; it comes when silence reigns,  
When darkness wraps the vasty deep and night is on the plains,  
When the flowers and birds are all asleep, each folded in its nest,  
When the wind is tired of blowing and hath laid him down to rest.

When the silent moon without a sound peers at us from on high,  
And a million stars are scattered around, each like a watchful eye—  
Then comes the voice; I know its tones, and yet I hear no sound;  
Its words are graven on my heart, as a tablet there were found;  
'Tis a voice of love—of my only love—who weary years ago,  
When the dreary winter had begun was laid beneath the snow;  
And as earth closed o'er the beauteous form I was no more to see,  
The world became a desert space—a barren waste to me.

My heart was broken, all joy was fled, the future dark and drear—  
I only wished that pitying death would end my mission here;  
That He, whose unrelenting hand had plucked my tender flower,  
Would now in mercy take my life, and speed my parting hour.  
But soon there came a calmer time; I learned to think it best  
That one so holy and so pure should with the angels rest;  
At first I did not note the change that now my heart came o'er—  
How thoughts and feelings now were there that never came before,

How purer thoughts and holier thoughts came softly in the night,  
And gently nestling in my heart, filled it with calm delight.  
I could not tell, when night came on and silence reigned around,  
How then these purer, better thoughts were in my bosom found;  
But now I know—'tis her sweet voice, the love I still adore,  
Who comes and whispers tender things as she oft-times did of yore.  
But now her tones are purified—no touch of dross is there;  
She tells me now of purer joys in another, brighter sphere;

She bids me bear the weary load of life without a sigh,  
That when the earth hath passed away, I may join my bride on high;  
She bids me bravely do the work allotted me below—  
To bind another's sorrows up, to heal another's woe,  
To bear my cross with patience on till God's good judgment see  
Fit to remove this earthly case, and set my spirit free.  
All other sounds sing changeably—the sea, the birds, the wind;



"GOOD NIGHT," HE ANSWERED.

But this voice ever sings the same, and ever pure and kind.

O! gentle spirit, to whose care my better thoughts are due!  
Ever thy faithful help extend in journeying this life through;  
I am weak from worldly cares, which bear me to the earth,  
But thou art pure, and bright, and fair, in thy glorious, heavenly birth!  
So let thy silent, gentle voice, which comes without a sound,  
Ever be present in my heart, and its teachings there be found;  
Lend me thy aid to guide my steps in the holy path and true,  
So that at last I may come home to rest with God—and you!

## HOW AUNT AVICE CHAPERONED HER NIECE.

"I say, look here, aunt Avice, here's a pretty go!" said Hugh Wayland, bursting into the Mountfield drawing-room, where his aunt was reading by the fire, one winter afternoon.  
"Oh, aunt Avy! such a dreadful disappointment, I don't know what can be done," said Ella Marlowe, Hugh's cousin, one of the daughters of the house, as she threw herself on the rug at her aunt's feet, her pretty face clouded with vexation, while Hugh leant his shoulders on the mantelpiece, a picture of disgust.

turquoise locket the same day that Pepper died!" said Ella.

"What crushes me is that aunt Frances coolly told me I could go," said Hugh. "Just as though it would be any fun without Ella; it added a needless insult to our sorrows; she might as well have proposed to send my new dress shirt without me in it."

"Well, then, Hugh, the little frills would command individual attention," said Ella, laughing. "Come along and have a romp with the children; it does our hard fate no good to lament over it, but I knew you would be sorry for us, aunt Avy."

When the two victims had left the room, Miss Wayland did not take up her book again, but sat still a little, making up her mind. It was growing dusk, and only the fire lighted up her pretty little figure and small, delicately-featured face. She was carefully and handsomely dressed in black silk, with a little bit of white lace twisted into the knot of carnation-colored ribbon in her hair. She was only six-and-thirty, and her light brown hair was abundant and fashionably dressed; but she always wore the white lace as becoming her years, while from time beyond Ella's memory carnation had been her favorite color. Her complexion and eyes were dark for the color of her hair, giving her rather a singular and piquant expression; and though she looked her age, it was not because her small, regular features were sharpened, or her face lined and faded, but from her quiet manner and the settled, patient look about her mouth. She was as pretty as she had ever been, for in her youth she had never been round, rosy or blooming, and was too small to have commanded attention to a style of good looks which, that if she had been three times magnified, would have made her a handsome woman. Since her father's death Miss Wayland had lived with her widowed sister—a home that suited her better than Beaconhill, under the new régime of her brother's wife. If Mrs. Marlowe had been asked why her sister had never married, she would have said—"Oh, Avice was always devoted to papa, and was such a quiet little thing, that one never thought of her marrying till it seemed too late. She had offers, though, and I think would have accepted Robert Ayrton, but he was only a lieutenant then, and papa did not fancy him, or like the idea of her going to India. She would have nothing to say to Sir Francis Kelmore, which was a pity, for he was nice enough, and Kelmore would have been a charming place for the girls to visit."

Miss Wayland's meditations were interrupted by her sister's entrance.

"Here you are, Avice! I have sent for our tea here, for I am tired and there is such a noise in the school-room."

"Ella and Hugh have been here, to tell me about the ball."

"Ah, yes, poor children! I am sorry they should be so disappointed, but Mrs. Walker is certainly worse, and though I should not really neglect her, I find her feelings would be terribly hurt if I went to this ball."

Mrs. Walker was Mr. Marlowe's aunt; she lived in the village near Mountfield, and for a long time had claimed and received a daughter's care from her nephew's widow.

"Is there no one else to take Ella?" asked Miss Wayland.

"No one that I care to ask, and I do not like her to go with only George and Hugh. I am sorry she should be disappointed, but she is young enough to wait for another year."

"If you like, I will go with them."

"You, Avice!" and Mrs. Marlowe paused, astonished, while her memory took her back to balls long ago, at their old home, when little Avice was always sought after for her beautiful dancing. One particularly, when she was chaperoning her sister, during a visit to Beaconhill after her marriage, and she had been too much taken up with her husband and her old friends to notice how much Avice danced with Robert Ayrton, and their father had been vexed. Mr. Ayrton went to India not long after that, then their mother died, and their father fell into bad health.

"I will take great care of her, Frances."

Mrs. Marlowe came back from the past to answer her sister.

"Oh, yes; but, really, I have not left off thinking that you require a chaperon yourself, Avice. It does not seem so long since I was scolded because of you and your doings."

"Why, Frances, it is more than thirteen years since I was at a ball! If I am to be useful in this way it is time I began, before I forget the customs of society; they have been modified a good deal as it is."

"What is the matter?" asked Miss Wayland, in a tone of sympathy rather than of alarm, she was used to Ella's terrible misfortunes.

"It is really dreadful this time," answered the girl; "only think, mamma says she cannot go to the Downhurst ball, for old aunt James is so ill, and won't do without her; and so we are not to go after all—and Hugh and uncle George came on purpose!"

"It is all about a chaperon; such nonsense, as if Ella would do anything she ought not. My father and I are going, and though he plays whist all night, I can take care of her. Lots of girls go about with their brothers, you know," urged Hugh, who was eighteen, and younger and more scatterbrained than Ella at seventeen, while both were of an age to feel that a ball was a very serious and important matter.

"But then you are not really her brother, and I think she must have a more efficient chaperon than you could be at her first public ball," answered Miss Wayland.

"Well, if she must, I thought any old woman would do, but aunt Frances says she will not let her go with any old woman. She has got her new dress and all her fal-lals, too; it is too bad."

"We thought so much of this ball," said Ella; "it will be the last this winter, and I did want to go. Of course we should not mind so much if aunt James were really ill, but I do not believe she is worse than usual, and it is always half fidget."

"Your mother would go if she could, I am sure, Ella; but I am very sorry for you both, it is a great pity," said aunt Avice.

"It is more than a pity—it is a shame and a nuisance, and bother and bore, and the heaviest affliction that has befallen me since I lost my



"But will you not dislike it, Avy? It is like putting you on the shelf at once, and I know it will bring back so much to you."

"That need not trouble you now," said Avie in her quiet voice; "it is so long ago. I am very glad to do it, Frances, and it will please the children; let me tell them."

Ella and Hugh were delighted, and warmly thanked aunt Avie for her unexpected kindness; they waited about her and sang impromptu in her honor.

"Oh, uncle George!" exclaimed Ella to Mr. Wayland, "here's a bit of fun! we are going to the Downhurst ball after all; aunt Avie is to take care of me, and Hugh is to take care of you, and it will be famous!"

"Will it, indeed? and pray who takes care of aunt Avie, Miss Ella? Play one of the old waltzes, please, Frances," and Mr. Wayland spun his sister round the room, and then gave Ella a turn; declaring, with what breath he had left, that the elder lady was incomparably the better partner. "She is lighter, quicker, and more finished in her style; you are never likely to equal her, young woman, with your bend and your sweep, and your twisted, overweighted head; though if you took care of your feet and forgot the rest of you, you might have a chance."

"What about your dress, aunt Avie?" asked Ella. "Do not go in one of those eternal black silks!"

"I am going to have a new one; you shall see."

"Make yourself pretty, auntie," said Hugh; "I am very particular."

When the ball-night came, Hugh's particularity was chiefly expended on his own person and the little frills aforesaid. Ella was ready first, and duly exhibited her white tulle and rosebuds, with her fresh blooming face, to the household. The maids and the children were delighted, the boys scornful, while Fanny, the next in age to Ella, was very appreciative and rather wistful. Uncle George came next, bald, round, and comfortable, with the largest camellia in the greenhouse in his buttonhole; just like a market gardener, his son said, when he too appeared, an exquisite design in black and white, but with a pucker of care on his smooth young face, occasioned by a difficulty he had met with in the arrangement of his own miniature bouquet. Then there was a cry for aunt Avie. She had been a little shy about the family criticisms, and would show her dress to no one beforehand; she was sorry for this when the chorus began—

"Oh, aunt Avy!"

"Upon my word, Avie!"

"It is lucky I could not go, Avie, or we should have missed this."

"In this style, two-and-ten: a most elegant article, madam!" said Hugh, with a shopman's flourish over his aunt.

"I did not expect to be quite so fine; I am afraid it is too like a fancy ball," said Miss Wayland timidly, with an unwonted color on her clear brown cheek.

"Every one 'costumes' now; it is perfect," said Ella encouragingly.

The dress began with a skirt of pale buff silk; the upper skirt was sprinkled with carnations on the same creamy ground; the bodice was edged with carnation ribbon; there was the usual knot of the same in her light wavy hair, but a small diamond spray replaced the white lace, and there was another sparkle on the red ribbon round her throat.

"It is the very model of a young chaperon," said Mrs. Marlowe; "I hope both you and Ella will make a successful debut."

The ball was an annual one, for the benefit of the Downhurst Dispensary; it had great ladies for patronesses and baronets for stewards, and all the neighborhood went, as to a great social ceremony, independent of any interest in the dancing. Mr. Wayland insisted on going through the first quadrille with his sister, then found her a seat on the chaperon's benches, near some of her friends, and went off to his whist. Ella's card was soon well filled, and Hugh held several anxious consultations with his cousin as to the most judicious arrangement of his. Miss Wayland kept her card to serve as a programme of the music: the waltzes thrilled her a little, but when one or two of her old partners found her out, she would not dance, but sat chatting with her friends, watching the changing, rustling crowd, or thinking a little of old times, when her father and mother watched her, and George and Frances. It did not seem so very long ago; but now it was for George's boy and Frances' girl, and it was she who looked on.

Presently Ella missed a dance and came to sit by her aunt.

"It is delicious, aunt Avy, I do so like it! I would have been dreadful to have missed it! I wish you were dancing too."

"That is the sort of person I should have to dance with!" said Miss Wayland, indicating a stout, red-faced man, standing in a sort of stupor near the door of the cardroom. "Who is your next partner?"

"Hugh, and then a stranger. Mrs. Parvin introduced him, but I could not hear his name; he is quite mediæval, but looks nice."

"Come along, Ella," said Hugh, with cousinly absence of ceremony, and the pair went off, looking, in their single-minded enjoyment, as pleasant a couple as any in the room; but this was aunt Avie's partial opinion. After the dance, Hugh came back alone, saying, "Come and get an ice, aunt Avie; Ella is with her partner, a very respectable elderly party, who will take fatherly care of her if we do not get back in time."

They had to wait a little, and the vestibule became crowded as the dancers poured in. Miss

Wayland was standing near a table, wedged in, when a hand was stretched over her shoulder to take an ice-plate from a waiter. It belonged to a tall man behind her whom she could not see; it was withdrawn in a moment, but she knew it well, though she had not seen it for thirteen years. She would have known it without the peculiar signet ring, but with it there could be no doubt. It was a large hand, brown, and wide across the back, but with well-shaped fingers and a long thumb; a hand well used out of doors, yet not unfamiliar with tool and pen; a hand that thirteen years ago had clasped hers for a bitter farewell. "I must go," its owner had said, "there is no help for it, little Avie; I must go, and I cannot say one hopeful word of meeting again, but surely we need not quite forget each other." And she had seen it again, Robert Ayrton's hand, and she dared not turn to see his face, for he must have forgotten, and she had begun to think she was forgetting too.

"Are you ready, aunt Avie? Miss Fergus won't wait for any one, and I had no end of bother to work an introduction to her."

So Hugh took his aunt back to her place, and went off to find the favorite of the evening, while Miss Wayland waited—not long, for Ella's partner came to deposit her with her chaperon. He was the mediæval party she had so flippantly alluded to; he was, perhaps, forty-three or four—a tall man with a complexion that told of India, dark hair beginning to turn grey and retract from the temples, and a large dark beard. A very fine-looking man, though a little too old to be interesting to a girl like Ella, for he was certainly middle-aged; he was altered in almost every line and feature, but he was Robert Ayrton, and Avie Wayland knew him instantly. She had had full five minutes for preparation, so the stately little lady who stepped forward to give him her hand was far more collected than he was; he stammered, he fairly blushed through his Indian brown, and could not conceal his astonishment.

"He is certainly married," she thought; "he is wondering how to tell me. He need not be afraid, and make such a spectacle of himself."

"How cool she is!" he thought, resentfully. "Of course she means to forget all that folly: most likely she has forgotten it; perhaps she is married: I think she must be!"

If she were married, he was, of course, an injured man, in that she had been able to console herself; so Major Ayrton, thinking he would make the most of it and plant a little thorn or two of reproach in her faithless bosom, took a melancholy tone as he answered her.

"I have only been a fortnight in England; thirteen years is not a life-time, but it seems long enough for most of a man's friends to forget him."

"Surely not!"

"Yes, I came with the Carmichaels, and I find lots of people I used to know, looking very much the same, yet no one knew me but one man, who knew I was expected. I am very grateful to you for recognizing me, but perhaps you too knew I was coming?"

"Oh, no! I did not; but I knew you though you are altered, as we all must be, in so many years."

"You are not altered, not much at least; it is times that are changed; why, I do not even know what to call you."

"Nor I you," she said, parrying the awkward question.

"One or two very old and faithful friends remember that my name is Robert, but most people prefer to keep me at a distance, and say 'Major Ayrton.'"

"He is very cross," thought poor aunt Avie; "what shall I do with him? If he would mention his wife at once, we might have a comfortable chat."

"She must be married. I had better drop the sentimental," he thought.

"Oh, Miss Wayland! will you take care of my poor broken fan?" said a young lady who was going to dance. He caught the name, once so familiar, and mollified directly, taking a seat and assuming a more reasonable tone, saying—

"I shall know all about it in time, but it is trying to have all the changes of thirteen years come upon one in a heap. How is it that I find you here? do you not live at Beaconhill now?"

"No; I stay there very often, but my home is at Mountfield, with my sister—you know."

"Yes, yes, I know; I have gathered a good deal of your family history from the papers, and chance friends. I knew that Mrs. Marlowe had lost her husband. I suppose it was her daughter I danced with just now? I remember the little creature you used always be petting. Is your sister here to-night?"

"No, but George and his son are, and I am chaperoning Ella."

"You!"

"Yes; why not? Times change with us all, you see."

"But you are not—not qualified! Surely that young lady called you Miss Wayland?" he said, looking very blank.

"So I am," she answered demurely, enjoying his surprise.

"And you think yourself old enough to be a duenna, and sit up here while I dance with your niece! Is that it? I never heard anything so ridiculous! I cannot stand it, however; come and dance this waltz with me."

She protested, but he would not listen.

"You must indeed. Why, I see you like carnations still, and you are as like one as ever. It is quite absurd to pretend you cannot dance; come, Avie!"

This was hardly the tone of a married man, but if he had had three wives looking on in a row, she thought she would dance that dance; and so she did, in spite of Hugh's open-mouthed astonishment; and they found that wherever the weight of the thirteen years might lie, it was not dragging at their feet. He hovered about all the rest of the evening, and they had two more dances and a world of talk, of old times and new, and the long space that lay between. He was introduced to Mr. Wayland, who had not previously known him, and the idea of the wife waxed fainter in Avie Wayland's mind. What she was thinking of, she did not exactly know, except that Robert Ayrton was there beside her again, and, but for the beard and Ella's wondering face, the thirteen years might have been a dream.

"Good-bye," she said at the ball-room door, trying not to show how sorry she was that it was over.

"Good night," he answered, smiling down upon her, and not looking sorry in the least.

"What is it, aunt Avy? What have you been doing?" whispered Ella.

"Hush! don't say anything," said her aunt, giving her a sort of a hug, as she wrapped her cloak round her.

"I am so glad you danced, aunt Avie, instead of sitting stuck up like a beetle on a wall all night," said Hugh benevolently, as they drove home.

"Ayrton, Ayrton," said Mr. Wayland musingly; "why, was not that the man—"

"Yes that was the man," answered his sister quite sharply.

He said no more, but she heard him whistle once or twice to himself, before he went to sleep in his corner.

"Well, did aunt Avie make a good chaperon?" asked Mrs. Marlowe, next day, at the breakfast that had managed to run into luncheon.

"Oh, famous! never bothered a bit, and stayed ever so late," said Hugh; but Ella blushed scarlet, and aunt Avie looked terribly uncomfortable.

Mrs. Marlowe feared that Ella had been in some way transgressing; but Mr. Wayland said, with twinkling eyes—

"You should have lent her your black velvet gown, Frances; that carnation affair was far too killing for a chaperon."

Mrs. Marlowe was a woman of tact and prudence, so she dropped the subject till she had her sister to herself.

"What has been the matter, Avie? I hope Ella is not getting fast?"

"Oh no! It is not Ella, it is all my fault; I am very sorry, but I have been so foolish!" and Miss Wayland told her sister all the story, much as if it were a guilty confession.

"And what do you mean to do?"

"There is nothing to do; I am not likely to see him again; and, Frances, you must stop George's teasing, for I am sure Ella guesses. Oh dear! I will never go to a ball again; there is actually a hole in my shoe, and I feel quite disgraced."

"Nonsense! How could you know you would meet the man that night, of all nights? It was very foolish of me to allow you to call yourself a chaperon. I wish I had gone, and taken you."

The next day brought Major Ayrton for a call, twenty miles at least; and Mrs. Marlowe was not surprised when the day after that brought him for a proposal. Miss Wayland's old maid, who had been with her more than those thirteen years, remarked that a burnt stick was soon lighted; and so it was. Robert Ayrton's old love had quite won him back. He did not say much about constancy, for he was wonderfully touched to find that little Avie had never been able to persuade herself to care for any one else, and one or two efforts for matrimony he had made in the meantime seemed to spoil the romance of the thing, and he was very glad now that they had failed. Still she took a good deal of persuading, was full of doubts and fears, and held out for two hours, in the morning-room, making excuses, more to herself than to him; but, of course, she had to give in; and Major Ayrton's last word to her that day were, "We will have a house at Dover; there are plenty of balls there, and you shall chaperon your niece to as many as you please."

## DESMORO;

OR,

## THE RED HAND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TWENTY STRAWS," "VOICES FROM THE LUMBER-ROOM," "THE HUMMING-BIRD," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER I.

"DEAR DESMORO,—

"I am so glad to be permitted to write to you to tell you that you are now the father of a very fine boy whom I, his fond mother, think absolute perfection. But, strange to relate, the little fellow has been born with a red hand—one of his palms (the left one), and all the fingers belonging to that hand, being crimson as a poppy. At first I was quite alarmed when nurse showed me the extraordinary mark; but I am

now growing used to the sight of it, and bye-and-bye perhaps, I shall not even notice it.

"He is very like you, my dear husband, Ah! you may laugh at me, but he is! He has your violet-colored eyes, your forehead and chin; but his nose—well, as yet I can hardly say what that feature will be like. I am very proud of him, you may feel sure. All the mother is aroused in my heart, and I feel ready to risk my very life for my child—for that child which only a short fortnight ago I had not seen.

"But my own Desmoro must not be jealous of my new-born love. I do not prize my husband a whit the less because his son is nestling at my bosom.

"I am beginning to grow impatient for your return home. Has it been decided whether your regiment will be ordered? I do hope not to the West Indies, because of the unhealthiness of that climate. But whithersoever thou goest, my beloved, I will be by thy side."

"Feeling very giddy, I broke off a little while ago, and took a couple of hours' rest. Now baby is not very well, and nurse is advising me to have him baptised at once. Of course, I shall call him after his own papa, whose name is so musical to my ear that my tongue is ever hanging to pronounce it.

"You will soon return to me now, dearest, will you not? I fancy that the people here where I am lodging begin to look upon me with suspicion. The secrecy which you have obliged me to observe regarding your position has, I suppose, created in their minds distrust, which I perceive, now and then, peeping out in sundry ways.

"I trust you have broken the news of our marriage to your elder brother, as I am very anxious to communicate to my parents the name and the true position of my good husband. It is painful for me to remember that they refuse to credit the fact of our being man and wife unless I show them my wedding certificate, or disclose to them the name of the church in which the holy ceremony was performed, which you know I cannot do, having promised you most faithfully never to divulge to any one aught concerning our affairs, until you shall give me full permission to do so.

"But my Desmoro will recollect that he is a parent, and that it is now his duty to remove from his wife and child every shade of obscurity that may be likely to draw upon them either mistrust or impertinent observation.

"Although I have written you a very long letter, I could still find a great deal more to say to you, did I feel equal to the task of committing my words to paper. But my head is feeling very weak, and my hand is exceedingly tremulous as well, so I must conclude at once.

"With best love, believe me to be,

"Ever your affectionate wife,

"ANNA DESMORO."

The reader of this epistle, who was a remarkably handsome man of about six-and-twenty years of age, crushed the sheet of paper in his hand, and closing his fingers tightly on it, uttered aloud an impatient exclamation, which exclamation caused a gentleman present to suddenly look up from his breakfast-plate, and glance at the face opposite to him.

"What's the matter, Des?" he demanded in a tone that was spiced with a little authority, at the same time fixing a pair of keen eyes upon the person thus addressed. "What's that letter about, eh? Got into some confounded scrape or other, I'll be bound; or is it one of the rascally tradesmen's bills that's annoying you so?"

"Tradesmen's bill, indeed! As if such a thing as that could give me a moment's trouble of any kind!"

"Well, then, what is it that's making you look as if you had just seen a ghost?"

Desmoro made no answer, but struck his clenched hand upon the table before him.

"Ah, I see! Another silly affair of the heart, Des! How the deuce do you contrive to remain such a fool?"

"Oh, as to that," replied the other, in piqued accents, "everybody hasn't your philosophy and adamant breast; it is the weakness of some people to feel a little."

"Call it their misfortune rather than their weakness, Des," returned his companion, with considerable sarcasm. "But that is neither here nor there; it seems pretty plain that you've been suffering yourself to get entangled in some way; and, such being the case, I, as your elder brother, claim the privilege of addressing you on the subject. Whence came that missive which is now undergoing such ill-usage at your hands?"

"Percy, don't ask me!" stammered the other, his face now flushing deeply. "Elder brother of mine though you be, I cannot perceive what right you have to catechize me respecting any of my private affairs."

"Desmoro Symure, I am ten years your senior, and your guardian by the will of our late father, which facts furnish me with every right to prevent—if I can—your going astray. The truth is, Des, I've long been suspecting that something was wrong with you, and I have been waiting for a fitting opportunity of questioning you relative to—"

"It's of no earthly use your questioning me, Percy!" interrupted the young man, with an impetuous burst. "I can't marry Miss Calthorpe, let that information satisfy you."

"You cannot marry Miss Calthorpe—a lady to whom you have actually engaged yourself? Why, Desmoro, you are taking leave of your senses, I verily do believe!"

"I should just like to know whether Percy Symure himself has always done the right thing



— whether he has ever pursued the straight path! It strikes me very forcibly that in many respects he has been every bit as weak as others. Is it not so, my mentor?"

"That is not the question at the present instant, Des. I want to be informed wherefore you cannot marry Miss Calthorpe."

"No, I cannot be so black a villain as to do so," burst forth the younger brother.

"Heyday!"

"I cannot make up my mind to commit such a piece of wicked injustice—such a cruel sin."

"Wicked injustice—cruel sin!" echoed Percy Symure, in great astonishment. "You are delivering yourself in riddles, my dear fellow."

"Yes, yes; I daresay I am," replied Desmoro, through his closed teeth. "Well, never mind that; I can't help doing so. I've been a dolt, and I am to suffer for having been such, and there's an end of the matter, I reckon!"

"I fancy not, Des," answered the other, shaking his head. "If you're not in the very middle of the quagmire, you may yet be extricated from it."

"But I am not only in the middle of the quagmire, but up to my ears in it, and unable to stir one way or the other in order to free myself."

"Make me your confidant, Des; you cannot do a better thing than that."

"I dare not!" was the faltering rejoinder.

"Tush, nonsense! Two heads are sometimes better than one. As a commencement, give me a peep at that letter."

"No, no, Percy; that I cannot—will not do. In heaven's name, let us drop this subject, and turn to some other."

Then there ensued a pause of some few moments, during which time Percy Symure sipped his chocolate in cold indifference, having no suspicion of how seriously his brother had involved himself.

Desmoro was sitting with his elbows resting on the table, his chin supported in the palm of his left hand, the letter still clutched in the other. His mind was in a perfect tumult, and he was wholly at a loss to know what to do or what to leave undone in the business now before him. At length his tightened fingers gave way, and the crumpled missive was tossed across the board close to Percy Symure, who immediately took it up, smoothed out its creases, and commenced to peruse its irregularly traced characters.

With a loud-beating heart, Desmoro watched his brother's changing features as he read. Desmoro was dreading Percy's anger and reproaches. He knew that he was deserving of all his brother's wrath, and that he should not be able to find any words wherewith to justify either himself or his conduct.

"Well!" cried Percy, severely frowning. "Well! you have prettily disgraced yourself and our old family name. Whom have you married? Who is this woman who thus writes to you, calling you her husband?" he asked abruptly.

"Her father is a schoolmaster at—a place near which I was quartered some twelve months ago," was the stammering reply.

"And you are really married to the schoolmaster's daughter?"

"Yes, I'm afraid so, Percy; the truth is, I was desperately in love with the girl, and—"

"And seeing the simpleton she had to deal with, she made the best of the opportunity—um?"

"Yes, I suppose so, Percy."

"Confound her, and you too, Des!" exclaimed he. "But you were surely mad; knowing that another woman legally claims you, to enter into an engagement to wed Miss Calthorpe."

"I think I have been mad, Percy; but I was fancying that I could get out of the other affair."

"Get out of it! How, I should like to be informed?"

"Well, you must know, Percy, that I didn't marry her in my own name; and—and—"

"Go on," said the other, in a low tone, as he glanced towards the door of the apartment.

"She, herself, knows neither my name, nor the regiment to which I belong; and, what is more, I do not think that she will ever succeed in finding me out. She is only a simple country girl, possessed of very little knowledge of any kind."

"And dare you venture upon taking a second wife, your first being still alive?"

"I have been thinking that I might do so," hesitated Desmoro, half-abashed at his wicked confession. "But now, I—I am losing my courage. There's a child you see; and possibly, I don't know what to do at all! I wish to heaven I could be spirited away, somewhere, out of this bother and difficulty! I've repented and repented the deed over and over again, until I'm fairly tired of repenting, and that's the plain truth of the matter, Percy!" he added, fretfully.

Mr. Symure was sitting biting his nails, deep in reflection. "Look here, Des," he commenced; "if this projected marriage of yours with Miss Calthorpe be broken off, I shall also lose my chance with her sister Lucy, which loss, in the present state of my finances, would be the absolute ruin of me."

"I'm deuced sorry, Percy; I am, upon my honour! But I really think if we were to put our heads together, we might keep that mistake of mine in the dark, and hush her voice entirely. She might be told that I'm dead; she'd not be able to prove to the contrary. Of course, I'd have to give her a sum of money; then she'd go back to her father, and all the danger would be over."

"I'll undertake the task," returned Mr. Symure, with sudden alacrity. "Give me this

woman's address, and leave me to manage all the rest."

"She is living at Noleman's Hill."

"And where is that, in the name of wonder?"

"In Yorkshire; about two hundred miles distant from London."

"A nice journey for me to have to take in this abominable wintry weather. Why, I shall not reach the place in less than nine or ten days. The letter, I perceive, is a fortnight old."

"Yes; but I suppose it has been lying some time at the London post-office (where all her communications have been addressed), and I have neglected to tell Ranson to call for it," explained this very honorable young gentleman.

"Ay, ay, I understand! And how am I to inquire after this person; what does she call herself?"

"Mrs. Desmoro Desmoro."

Percy laughed; and his brother proceeded to instruct him respecting the locality of Noleman's Hill, and on other important points for his particular observance.

While the brothers were yet concocting their wicked plans, Ranson, Desmoro Symure's valet, presented himself.

"If you please, sir, I'm so sorry," he began, twirling 'twixt his fingers a silver salver on which was lying a clumsily folded letter, fastened with a large black wafer, and a little patch of sealing-wax of the same hue, "but I forgot to give you this. There were two letters waiting for you at the post-office."

"Careless fellow!" exclaimed his master, snatching the missive from the salver.

"I hope, sir, you'll be so good as to overlook my neglect of duty," returned the man.

"Yes, yes; only be more careful another time! That will do."

"Thank you, sir," and the valet was gone.

"What on earth is that?" exclaimed Percy Symure. "Is that also a communication from the person at Noleman's Hill?"

"Wait a moment, and I'll tell you. The superscription certainly is not in her hand," Desmoro answered, as he tore open the sheet, and prepared to examine its contents. "Great heavens, Percy, I do think she's dead!" he continued, his eyes devouring the written characters, his face becoming pale as ashes. Yes—yes, she is dead!"

"What! Mrs. Desmoro Desmoro?"

"Ay; read—read it for me, for I am unable to do so; my head is reeling round and round."

Percy took the communication out of his brother's trembling hand, and perused the following lines, which were penned in a flourishing copy-book style:

Noleman's Hill, Yorkshire,  
February 21, 1815.

To Desmoro Desmoro, Esq.

SIR,—  
"I am both shocked and grieved to be the communicator of unhappy tidings to you. Your dear wife, whom I, her medical attendant, imagined to be progressing most favorably, took a sudden chill, from which she never recovered. She died this morning very peacefully, and with but little suffering, I am glad to say. The enclosed note, which was found in the deceased lady's desk, addressed to yourself, instructed me how to forward to you this sad intelligence."

"The infant, I rejoice to tell you, is doing remarkably well without its maternal nurse, and, such being the case, if I might presume to offer unasked-for advice, I should recommend you to leave him for a while in the kind hands into which he has fallen."

"I have taken the liberty of writing to Mrs. Desmoro Desmoro's parents, living at Sheffington Moor, to inform them of this sudden and sorrowful event. To them, also, I have enclosed a letter, found in the before-mentioned desk. I hope that I have acted in accordance with your wishes, and that you will hasten hither as soon as possible, as I do not like to take upon myself any further arrangements in this matter."

Obediently yours,

JAMES BROWNLOW.

"Well, Des, I must say that you're one of the luckiest fellows alive! Here you are as free as air again, with nothing to apprehend from any one!"

"Poor girl!" sighed Desmoro, his eyes cast upon the ground. "She was wondrously pretty, Percy, with such a beautiful head of hair, of a color I can scarcely describe."

"Well, then, don't trouble yourself to do so, I beg," laughed the elder brother, quite elated at the late news. "Phew! how relieved I feel! That journey to Noleman's Hill would have been no joke for me to perform."

"How do you counsel me to act in this business, Percy?"

"What do you mean?"

"Respecting the—funeral, and the child's future?"

"Will you promise to do exactly as I shall instruct you?"

"Certainly."

"Then take no notice whatever of this communication, and endeavor to forget, as soon as possible, all about Noleman's Hill."

"But, Percy—"

"Not a word more," interrupted the brother, abruptly rising from the table. "Come, it's past twelve o'clock, Miss Calthorpe will be expecting us to accompany her in her morning ride."

"And Lucy, likewise, Percy," added Desmoro, forcing a smile.

"Precisely."

And away these two gentlemen went, to prepare themselves for a ride on horseback in St. James's Park.

## CHAPTER II.

Poor Anna was consigned to the grave by her parents, who carried the motherless infant home to take the place left vacant in their hearts by their departed daughter, who had been their only child, their only joy on earth.

And years and years passed on, but no father came to claim the little boy, who thrived amazingly, and made the wintry days seem all sunshine beneath his grandsire's roof.

How the old couple loved him, and how he was caressed and petted, to be sure! Sheffington Moor had not another boy like Desmoro Desmoro!

When Desmoro was just fourteen years old, his good grandmother died; and soon after that event another woman took her place at the schoolmaster's fireside, and domineered over his humble household. She was many years younger than her husband, and rather a showy-looking woman, but a perfect vixen in disposition.

Poor Desmoro soon began to experience a sad alteration in everything at home, and he was learning to dread the very sight of his new grandmother, who was ever scolding and buffetting him whenever he came within her reach. She appeared to have taken a positive dislike to the boy and she seized on every opportunity she could catch to vent her malice on him; and she put him to tasks of actual drudgery, to which he had hitherto been a complete stranger, and called him ugly names, the most offensive of which was "Red Hand."

But the lad made no complaint at all this, nor did he even utter a murmur, although the injustice and insolence he was daily enduring galled his proud little spirit, and wounded it to the quick.

His grandfather noted the treatment to which Desmoro was subjected at the hands of the virago; but the old man dared not utter a word pro or con; he could only sigh in secret over the mistake he had made in choosing such a woman to control his home, and his dead daughter's child.

Desmoro was an industrious and apt scholar, the cleverest in his grandsire's school; and the old man was exceedingly proud of the boy's knowledge, and was always endeavoring to instruct him further, for Matthew Petersham, notwithstanding that he was only a village schoolmaster, was profoundly learned, and, being so, was worthy of holding a much higher position than his present one.

Whenever she saw Desmoro over his book or his slate, it was Mrs. Petersham's peculiar delight to disturb him, to call him away from it, in order to make him perform some menial office for herself. She seldom addressed him by his name; she was innately a vulgar-minded woman, and she felt a cruel pleasure in repeating the *soubriquet* she had applied to him, and which she knew had a hateful sound in his ears. And her shrill voice being so often heard calling out "Red Hand," the boys in the school had caught up the significant appellation, which they were wont to use on all occasions, as if poor Desmoro owned none other.

Many and many a time had Desmoro thrashed a senior scholar for applying to him the objectionable nickname which had been bestowed upon him by his grandfather's spiteful wife.

My hero now grew thoughtful and gloomy, avoided all his former companions, sought solitude, and clung closer than ever to his books. His young heart was so brimful of unhappiness that he knew not what to do. He loved his grandfather too dearly to trouble him with a relation of his heavy sorrows which he kept locked up in his own bosom, hidden away from every one. He walked about the village with his left hand thrust deep in his trousers-pocket, a threatening scowl upon his handsome face, his acute ears straining to catch every sound, thinking that he heard the whispered syllables of "Red Hand" on every passing breath of wind.

One day, Desmoro secretly sought the surgery of the village doctor, and, showing him his marked hand, asked his advice about it.

"Can the red skin be removed by any means, sir? I don't care for the pain of the operation; I could bear anything rather than this terrible red hand," said Desmoro, very earnestly.

The medico laughed in the boy's face, saying, "And what harm is there in the color of the limb, so long as it is well-formed, and you have the perfect use of it? I suppose it never fails to do its duty when called upon; it assists you quite as well as the other?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then, in the name of heavens, what can you desire more?"

"I want the stain removed, as I said before, sir."

"But wherefore? The mark, being only on the inner part of the hand, will seldom be seen."

Desmoro was silent for a few seconds. He was longing to open his whole soul to some one, but shrank from doing so. Why did the doctor think so lightly of that disfigurement which appeared as hideous in the lad's own eyes and which had obtained for him such an unwelcome and singular *soubriquet*?

"Can't it be done, sir?" persisted Desmoro, in eager accents, his open palm held forth again.

"I'm sure, boy, I do not know," the doctor returned, lightly. "You are really the oddest youngster I ever came across! Go home again, and thank heaven that you have a good appetite, healthful digestion, straight limbs, and the use of all your senses, and never more come

here concerning that trumpery mother's mark of yours!"

Abashed and hurt, our sensitive Desmoro made his bow, and quitted the medico's presence.

A whole year had now passed away, when, one day, Mrs. Petersham ordered Desmoro to sweep the kitchen-chimney for her, an office which had hitherto been performed by the sweep of the village.

"No, ma'am, I can't do that!" was the lad's sturdy reply. "I have brushed your shoes for you; but I will not become a climbing-boy for you or any one!"

At this, down came Mrs. Petersham's broad, heavy hand upon the luckless speaker's countenance, upon which she left the swollen impress of her five spiteful and cruel fingers.

Desmoro staggered backwards under the force of the blow; but he uttered not a cry, though blood was issuing from his nostrils, and one of his eyes was sadly smarting.

No, he uttered no cry; but he breathed an inward vow that his grandfather's roof should not shelter his motherless young head another night.

With this fixed resolve in his breast, Desmoro sought his little chamber, where, after having bathed his hot, tingling visage in cool spring water, he sat down, and indited a farewell letter to his kind grandsire, who had been his best and only earthly friend. Then the boy made a bundle of his small possessions, left the house secretly, and sallied forth he knew not whither; nor did he seem to care; his first object being to put distance betwixt himself and Mrs. Petersham.

It was late in December, bitterly cold, and the leaden-colored clouds over the wanderer's houseless head betokened an approaching snow-storm. But he heeded not the threatening aspect of the heavens; he was thinking of the blow he had so recently received, and his youthful indignation knew no bounds as he reflected on it.

On he trudged through the gathering gloom of eve, without any definite purpose in his mind, and with only two copper coins in his pocket.

Sheffington Moor was a couple of miles behind him when the snow-flakes first began to fall, whitening the earth, the trees, and every object around. Thicker and thicker descended the pure crystallized drops, and colder and colder grew the piercing blast as it whistled by the lad's inflamed cheeks, and howled through the leafless branches near him.

Nothing daunted by the tempest, Desmoro strode onwards, an entire stranger to the road he was pursuing—onwards and onwards, until the snow was knee-deep, and the hour was that of midnight.

He was now waxing hungry, and his feet being quite numbed with the biting frost, he did not proceed so quickly as heretofore. By-and-by, feeling drowsy and weary, and unable to go on any further, he sank down on a hillock by the roadside, and at once fell fast asleep.

On the brow of the hill, at a very short distance from the slumberer, there was now discernible a heavy, cumbersome caravan, drawn by a poor, jaded horse, by the side of which two men were tramping with tired footsteps.

But despite their evident bodily fatigue, they appeared to be a couple of light-hearted fellows, for one of them was whistling loudly, and the other was spouting Shakespeare to the air.

"I wonder how far we are from the town, Ralph?" said the whistler, suddenly breaking off in the middle of a strain. "I'm getting considerably hungry and sleepy."

"Pshaw! What is a man, if his chief good, and market of his time, be but to sleep and feed? A beast—no more!" answered the travelling companion.

"Thank you. You're not over-complimentary, I must say!" laughed the other.

"The words were not mine own, friend Jellico," Ralph returned, with a grand theatrical air.

"I don't care whose they were—they were far from pleasant to me," retorted the other.

"That they were not so, blame the divine William, not the humble Ralph Thetford."

"I wish to gracious there had never been such a fellow as that Shakespeare!" answered Jellico, somewhat fretfully. "I declare he seems to be driving you all mad! Come on, Bobby, you lazy brute!" he continued, breaking off suddenly, and addressing the lagging animal. "If your master, who is an older chap than you, by many a long year, can manage to trudge it on, so likewise must you!"

"Jog on, jog on, the footpath-way, And merrily hent the stile-a; A merry heart goes all the day, Your sad tires in a mile-a."

sang Ralph, gaily.

"Ay, sing on, my lad, I like that better than the spouting; for thou hast a voice that would charm the birds from the trees."

Ralph Thetford laughed, made a careless step forward, slipped, and fell headlong in the road.

"Stop, Bobby!" cried Jellico, checking the horse, and preparing to assist his companion, who was now endeavoring to pick himself up.

"Hurt yourself, my lad?" added he.

"Hurt myself!" echoed the fallen man. "By the mass, I verily believe I shall never walk straight again—never more be a gallant Romeo!"

"Why, what's the matter, Ralph?"

"A broken leg, my master, nothing more," was the light rejoinder.

"A broken fiddlestick!"



"I would it were a fiddle, stick and all, so long as my limbs were safe and sound."

"Nay, are you serious?"

"Serious! Ha, ha! When was Ralph Thetford ever known to be serious?"

"Be so now, I beg and pray," returned Jellico, in accents of real distress, for he saw that the young man was unable to move himself from the ground.

At this moment, a dog which was chained to a swinging kennel under the caravan began to show certain signs of uneasiness, howling loudly, and struggling to get free.

"What ails the beast? Lie still, Pluto," said Jellico, impatiently addressing the dog; which, heeding him not, continued its cries still more loudly than before.

"For heaven's sake, Jellico, let loose your brute! His yells are almost distracting me!" Ralph entreated, his gay spirit beginning to succumb to pain.

Jellico murmuringly undid the chain; and, having set the noisy animal at liberty, once more returned to the side of his prostrate companion, who was trying to raise himself into a sitting posture.

Presently the dog, which had bounded down the road, was heard to bark with all his might and main; but our two travelers were too much engaged to notice his fresh cries, and Pluto barked in vain.

Discovering that fact, the sagacious brute flew back again to his master, whose coat-tail he seized upon, and tugged at with all his strength, whining piteously the while.

"Take my cap, Jupiter!" shouted Ralph, joyfully. "My limbs are whole; my ankle-bone is a little wrenched, that's all! What ails thee, Pluto?"

"The creature's mad, I think," returned Jellico.

"If he be, there's method in his madness, so pay attention to him. Follow him, Jellico. Never heed me now. I'll soon be able to assert my perpendicular again. Follow him, I say; depend on't, he'll not lead you on a fool's errand."

Taking down a lantern from the front of the caravan, Jellico followed the dog; which, after rushing on about a hundred yards, suddenly paused, and commenced barking afresh.

"Holloa, holloa, Pluto, old fellow! What's all the row about, eh?" inquired his master, drawing nigh the spot where the noble animal was rubbing his nose on some object lying on the ground.

Jellico lowered his lantern, and glancing downwards, perceived a still figure half imbedded in the snow.

"Bravo, old Pluto!" exclaimed the man, in choking accents, putting aside his light, and lifting up the inanimate form of Desmoro. "Mercy upon us! is he dead? Here, youngster, open your eyes, and speak, and tell us who you are, and what you're doing here, in this forlorn and frozen state?" he continued, in broken and confused sentences.

But there came no word from Desmoro in reply.

"What on earth is to be done with the poor fellow? There's not a drop of spirits left in the flask to assist me in reviving him. I wish to goodness that plaguy accident had not occurred to Ralph; he'd have been almost as good as a doctor in such a case as this. What am I to do? Holloa!" he shouted loudly, sending his voice in the direction of his associate.

"Holloa! back again, my master!" answered Ralph, in cheery tones. "What have you found—some lovely maiden in distress?"

"Be hanged to his frivolity!" muttered Jellico, beginning to chafe Desmoro's hands. "I never met with such a come-day, go-day, happy-go-lucky fellow in all my life! Not even a sprained ankle can steady him a bit. Eh!" he continued, addressing the motionless form now stretched across his knees; "you appear to have been in the wars, youngster, if I may judge by the damaged condition of your physiognomy, and this uncommonly red hand of yours. Oh! somebody has been giving you a licking, I guess, and you've run away from home! You're no tramp, as I can see. And there's his bundle, sure enough! There's a little history here, I fancy; may be a cruel step-mother—I had such as I too well remember; but for whom, Samuel Jellico, the merchant's son, would not be what he is at this moment—a poor stroller! That's right, Pluto!" he added, seeing the dog softly licking poor Desmoro's face.

At this moment the caravan approached close to the spot where this little scene was passing; and Ralph, half supporting himself on one of the shafts of the vehicle, appeared hopping along.

"Confound you, Jellico! Why couldn't you answer me? What have you found?" asked the young man, still speaking in his former strain; retaining all his gay spirits, despite the pain he was enduring in his injured limb.

"What have I found! A poor chap here, half-buried in the snow, and quite insensible."

"Asleep! Great heaven! you must arouse him at once, or he'll never wake again!"

"I'm doing my best in his service," returned Jellico, "and here is Pluto helping me as much as the kind brute has the power to help."

"Oh, were it not for this sprained ankle of mine, I also might render you some aid in this sad business! See, see—yonder is a light! Some dwelling is near."

"Where?"

"Not half a quarter of a mile hence. Look straight down the road, and to your left."

"Ay, ay, I see it. What do you advise?"

"That you take the poor lad on your shoulders, and at once carry him to a warm fire and some blankets."

"If such are to be had there: if they prove to be charitable folk."

"None will surely deny their charity in such a case as this."

"Observe the height of yon light," pursued Jellico. "It's a big house, and it's inhabited by big people, I daresay, who'll not like to be roused out of their comfortable beds by a couple of poor strollers, and something which may be trouble to them," he added, glancing ruefully at Desmoro, who was lying still motionless, like one dead.

"We have a duty to perform, Jellico, so say no more on the subject. I, myself, shall ask them for nothing; I'll manage to drag my body along to the town, which cannot be far off. So—

"Jog on, jog on the footpath-way,  
And merrily hent the style—a;  
A merry heart goes all the day,  
Your sad tires in a mile—a."

At this, Jellico, who was possessed of a strong, massive frame, raised his charge, and threw him across his broad shoulders.

"Mussn't forget the youngster's property, anyhow," said he. "Here, Pluto, you must take care of that for the present," he continued, giving the little bundle to the dog, which, taking it between his teeth, immediately bounded onwards.

And now the little cortege, consisting of the caravan, our limping Ralph, and the sturdy Jellico, bearing Desmoro, proceeded towards the building where the twinkling light was showing itself.

Jellico was now in advance of the caravan; fatigued as he was already with his long day's journey, he walked on as briskly as his load would permit, for his kind heart was feeling anxious for the preservation of the lad's life.

The night was far from being a dark one. Nature's white mantle lighted up the scene, and the stroller could perceive that he was standing before a large old-fashioned mansion, having a porticoed entrance provided with seats, on one of which he laid his inanimate burden, before he essayed the portal.

Jellico passed his hands over the door, on which, finding no knocker, he next sought for the bell, at which he gave a vigorous pull. Then he waited in aching impatience for an answer to his summons; but there was utter silence. He rang again, and while the bell was still resounding throughout the whole dwelling, the sash of an upper window was flung up, and a female's shrill voice was heard demanding who was there?

At this, Jellico stepped out of the portico, and disclosed his presence to the night-capped questioner at the casement.

"For heaven's sake, ma'am, make haste! Here's a poor boy whom I have just found half-buried in the snow, and who will perish if you do not afford him instant assistance."

"Eh? What? Oh!" she shrieked out at the top of her voice, "you villain! Thieves! thieves! Mary Jane, Lotty, Kitty, all of you; bring here the blunderbuss, and take care of it, for it's double-loaded. Thieves, thieves!"

"My dear ma'am, will you listen to me; you mistake my object—you do, indeed! Consider a fellow-creature's life is at stake; and—"

"Be off, or I'll shoot you, you robber and assassin! You know there's not a man in the house, and so you're come here with your false pretences, just to get us to open the door, so that you may massacre us all in cold blood! Mary Jane! Lotty, Kitty, all of you! Thieves, thieves!" she screamed, louder even than before.

At this moment, another window-sash was thrown wide, and a head without a nightcap peeped forth.

"Whatever is the matter, aunt?" inquired the owner of the head, speaking tremblingly, but in sweet feminine accents.

"Go back to your bed, child, or you'll catch your death of cold. Mary Jane, the blunderbuss, quick!"

Just then Ralph and the caravan halted in front of the mansion, and a full tenor voice, marvellously rich, rose on the calm frosty air, singing:—

"Pity, kind gentlefolks, friends of humanity,  
Keen blows the wind—"

"Oh, aunt, listen!"

Suddenly the strain changed to one quaint and characteristic.

"Oh, aunt, they are not thieves!" cried the younger of the two females, in winning, coaxing accents.

"I don't know that; it's best to think them rogues, and then we shall not be deceived by them in any way," returned she.

"Ma'am, we are unarmed, a couple of poor strollers," spoke Jellico, his tone full of entreaty and humility,—"asking nothing from you for ourselves, only Christian charity towards this stranger—a boy, who, if you deny him immediate help, may never unclothe his eyes to life again."

"See, aunt, there's their caravan; he must be speaking the truth! Wait a minute, and we will admit you?" added the old lady's niece addressing Jellico, and at once disappearing from the casement.

And by-and-by the door was unclosed, and they were received by a young lady of about nineteen years old, behind whom were standing three shivering maid servants, huddled in cloaks and loose garments, all of them holding candles in their hands.

Jellico had Desmoro in his arms, and Ralph was hopping on one foot, enduring excruciating pain.

"Is the poor boy dead?" asked the lady in kind tones. "Quick, girls, hasten and stir up the kitchen fire, and get hot blankets ready as soon as possible! Hasten, hasten!" she continued, hurrying the servants out of the hall. "This way. I will conduct you to the kitchen, and see that all your wants are properly supplied. Who is the boy, he is well-dressed; I do hope that he will soon recover! If he have a mother, what a state of anxiety and terror she will be in at missing her son! This way, this way!" she continued, leading them across the hall, then along a stone passage, at the end of which a spacious kitchen presented itself to their view.

Here the scene soon became exceedingly stirring, every one being employed in the service of our hero, whom kind attention, assisted by a glass of hot brandy and water, and plenty of glowing warmth, soon restored to a normal condition again.

The lady of the shrill voice now made her appearance in the kitchen, and looked suspiciously at her guests, informing them that she was Miss Tillysdale, the mistress of the mansion, which was known as Tillysdale Hall.

Miss Tillysdale was a tall, bony maiden of sixty years of age, dressed in a juvenile fashion (for she had made her toilette before appearing), with manners to correspond. The moment she entered the apartment she was attracted by the handsome face of Ralph Thetford, who was sitting on a settle, with his maimed limb supported on a chair before him.

"Dear, dear! why I didn't understand that anybody was injured!" the lady cried. "I thought that it was some unfortunate boy who had been found buried in the snow!"

"Oh, madam, don't notice me, I beg," returned Ralph, very politely. "The poor boy—thanks to your kind—hospitality—is almost recovered!" he added, pointing to Desmoro, who was crouching over the fire, endeavoring to hide his swollen face and blackened eye from observation.

"Gracious!" exclaimed Miss Tillysdale, raising her hands in astonishment at sight of our hero, whom she had roughly seized by the shoulder, and turned round about. "Gracious, what a countenance! Who are you? Whence come you? And who on earth has given you such a frightful black eye?"

Desmoro, whose heart was full almost to bursting, made no reply.

"Is he deaf and dumb?" she demanded, looking at those around her.

"He has not yet uttered a single word, aunt!" returned the niece.

"He hasn't! What a thankless little monster—that is, if he can speak!" corrected the lady. "Can you hear?" she shouted in Desmoro's ear.

"Quite well!" he answered, chockingly. "And I am not a thankless monster, ma'am, for I am very much obliged to you and to all the others: although it wouldn't have much mattered if I'd been left to sleep it out, as nobody would have missed me had I died."

"Who are you?" again questioned Miss Tillysdale.

Desmoro hesitated, reluctant to disclose his name.

But the lady, who was not to be denied, persisted in questioning him, until he became quite bewildered by her queries.

"It's very natural that I should desire to know what I have admitted under my roof," she continued, her keen eyes fixed upon the boy's quivering face, which he would fain have kept hidden from her view. "What's your name?"

"I can't tell you that, ma'am; at least, I would much rather not mention it, if you would kindly excuse my doing so!" faltered he.

"You're mysterious, and everything that is so is either wicked or wrong!"

The weary boy raised his hand to his brow, which was feeling hot and greatly confused, and thus showed his crimsoned palm.

"Well, if ever!" exclaimed the antique maiden, catching sight of Desmoro's red hand. "I vow and declare! there's blood all over the inside of your fingers!"

"No, no, ma'am; it's only a mother's mark!" returned the boy, shrinkingly.

"A mother's mark!" echoed Miss Tillysdale. "But what about your black eye—that's not a mother's mark, is it?"

"No, ma'am."

"No, indeed, I should think not! I'm glad you see that I'm not a person to be imposed upon! Well, since you will not tell me your right name, I shall call you Red Hand!"

At this, Desmoro uttered a sharp cry of distress, and covered his face. Red Hand! Great heaven, would that hateful *soubriquet* pursue him for ever!

Miss Tillysdale now turned to Ralph Thetford, and asked feelingly after his ailments, while the lady's niece was speaking gentle words into the motherless boy's ear.

The eyes of the mistress of Tillysdale Hall had fallen admiringly upon Ralph Thetford, the strolling player, and she was ready and eager to afford him and his companion every assistance that they required; and Jellico had a stable, coachhouse, and provisions in plenty placed at his command; and Bobby was fed and lodged more comfortably than he had ever been fed and lodged before.

With her own two hands, Miss Tillysdale now bathed and poulticed Ralph's sprained ankle; and beds being prepared, the lady invited her guests to remain at the hall for as long as ever they

pleased: the truth of the matter being, that she was only too happy to retain them for a while; perhaps she felt disposed to retain one of them for ever, I will not say.

The following day was the Sabbath. Ralph's ankle was considerably better, and Desmoro was perfectly well in every respect.

But he appeared to be ill at ease, and he avoided all the questions that were put to him. At length Jellico drew him aside, and thus spoke.

"Youngster, have you any father and mother?"

"I have been told that I have the former, but the latter died when I was only an infant."

"You are no common sort of lad. By whom were you brought up?"

"By a grandfather, sir," was the reluctant reply.

"What has driven you from his home, which I presume you have just forsaken?"

"My grandfather's new wife."

"Oho! Precisely as I expected."

"You see my eye? She struck me, sir, and I would not remain near her after that."

"And you won't tell me your name?"

"I am called Desmoro Desmoro."

"And who was your father—do you know?"

"He was a gentleman, I have been told, and an officer in the army."

Jellico nodded his head, and straightway fell into a fit of musing.

Presently he spoke again.

"What are you going to do? Have you any friends to whom you mean to apply?"

"I have not a single friend in the whole world, sir; nor have I any knowledge of where my father, if he be still alive, might be found."

"Poor fellow—poor fellow!" exclaimed the stroller, with swimming eyes. "I can feel for you, for I myself was once a desolate little chap like yourself, having no haven to anchor in."

"And what did you do?" asked Desmoro.

"I turned stroller—a strolling actor—a vagabond in the eyes of the law."

"Did you ever act in any of Shakespeare's plays?" inquired the boy, with sparkling orbs.

"Yes," drawled Jellico, pinching his chin with a preoccupied air. "Though I must say that I'd much rather not have done so, for to me he was always more trouble than he was worth."

"Shakespeare?"

"Yes. I never could get his language into my brain."

"I know nearly all his plays off by heart," returned Desmoro.

"Do you, my lad?"

"I do."

"Would you like to become an actor?"

"Yes; a great one."

"Umph! Ambitious! Well better so than not!" cried Jellico, within himself. "I'll talk with you again on this subject, Desmoro."

And there the matter dropped for the present.

Tillysdale Hall had long been wrapped in darkness and repose, when one of the servant-maids, who was distracted by a raging tooth, rose, and lighted a candle, that she might search in a certain drawer for some laudanum she had there.

The soothing drops being applied to the aching tooth, the girl, heedless of the guttering candle by her bedside, soon dropped asleep.

Presently, the wick of the tallow light grew long—then a red spark fell upon one of the cotton garments near; and soon afterwards there was a smell of fire, and the room gradually filled with a thick, hot, stifling vapor.

But the girl slumbered on, unconscious of the danger which surrounded her.

Desmoro, who was sleeping in the next chamber with the two strollers, now awoke, and started up in bed. The room was filled with smoke, and he could hear the sounds of crackling timber.

With one bound, the lad was out of bed, in search of his garments; in the next instant he was screaming "Fire!" at the very top of his voice, at which Jellico and Ralph sprang up, and added their cries to those of Desmoro, who, only half-dressed, had flung open the chamber-door, and rushed out to alarm the sleeping household.

(To be continued.)

A paper recently alluded to a man as a "battle-scarred veteran." The compositor was so agitated when the editor made him correct it that he changed it to "bottle-scarred" veteran. And still the veteran in question was not satisfied.

A wealthy New Yorker visited Hartford a week or two ago, and wishing to drive about the city, went to a livery-stable to hire a "team." The man of horses was loath to trust a valuable "turn-out" to an entire stranger, and so asked for references. The gentleman replied that he could give no references, but that he would buy the horses and sleigh, and when he returned from his ride the stable-keeper might refund the money. A price was agreed upon, and the cash paid down. When, later in the day, the stranger brought the team back to the stable, his money was returned and he started to go.

"Hold on," said the man of horses; "you have not paid your horse hire!"

"Why, my dear sir," said the New Yorker, coolly, "I have been driving my own team this morning!" The stable-keeper looked disgusted, but did not force his claims.



## THE CHILDREN OF THE POOR.

(Translated from the French of Victor Hugo.)

BY ALGERNON C. SWINBURNE.

Take heed of this small child of earth,  
He is great: he hath in him God most high.  
Children before their fleshy birth  
Are lights alive in the blue sky.

In our light, bitter world of wrongs  
They come—God gives us them awhile;  
His speech is on their stammering tongues,  
And his forgiveness in their smile.

Their sweet light rests upon our eyes.  
Alas! their right to joy is plain;  
If they are hungry, Paradise  
Weeps, and if cold, Heaven thrills with pain.

The want that saps their sinless flower  
Speaks judgment on sin's ministers;  
Man holds an angel in his power:  
Ah! deep in heaven what thunder stirs

When God seeks out these tender things  
Whom in the shadow where we sleep  
He sends us clothed about with wings,  
And finds them ragged babes that weep!

## THREE MONTHS WITH A "LION KING."

A calamity which occurred at Bolton not very long ago, by which the popular one-armed McCarty, the "Lion King" of Mrs. Manders's Travelling Menagerie (a title as absurd as it was presumptuous), lost his life, brings to my recollection certain events in the career of the original and most celebrated of these self-styled subduers of the "King of the desert," the relation of which may prove interesting to my readers, especially such as study the nature and habits of animals.

In the year 1838, happening to be in Paris, and stopping at Lawson's Hôtel Bedford, in the Rue St. Honoré, I was one morning informed that a new visitor of some notoriety had arrived, and that we were to be honored at the *table d'hôte* with the presence of Van Amburgh, the great "Lion King," and his coadjutor, the head of the speculation, Mr. Titus, two thoroughbred Yankees. They had accepted an engagement at the Porte St. Martin Theatre of £2,000 for the ensuing month. At this time the hero of my little story was in the zenith of his gladiatorial glory, having performed, "himself and brutes," several times before Her Majesty and the Prince Consort and very select audiences of the leading aristocracy, besides having been publicly hung on the walls of the Royal Academy, immortalised by the inimitable pencil of Sir Edwin Landseer, painted expressly for His Grace the Duke of Wellington—the "Iron Duke." Under such favorable auspices you can imagine that the "King's" visit to Paris naturally created much curiosity and excitement among admirers of the stirring and terrible, and at the Hôtel in particular at which he "descended" was looked upon as both "sensational" and gratifying.

Accident placed me nearly next to him and his party at the dinner table, and by a congenial spirit in the conversation we very soon got on good terms: "liquoring up" together and retiring afterwards to smoke the "calumet of familiarity"—in short, in a few days we were intimate cronies. I quickly discovered that he was a very stupid, ignorant fellow, and for an American totally devoid of that peculiar drollery and smartness in conversation which if not always enlightening, is comical and amusing.

In personal appearance Van Amburgh was, even off the stage, rather remarkable. He stood about 5 ft. 10 in. in height, walked extremely upright, studiously so, and very slowly: a sort of theatrical strut, which would have drawn your attention to him had you not known he was the great brute-tamer direct from New York and London. He had immensely broad shoulders, small hips, and very straight legs, small in proportion to his "uppers." His features were long and narrow, quite the American type: an exceedingly pleasing expression, a frank, good-natured manner. He was also very communicative. With these decided advantages he had one great drawback: he was afflicted with the most mysterious, profound, and unintelligible squint of the left eye that ever revolved in the head of a human being: when he chose it was perfectly appalling. By some his complete dominion over his animals was attributed to this peculiarity of vision; certainly I would defy any one to be sure at whom or what at times he was glaring. The varieties of expression in this "piercer" I believe to have been put on as a part of the by-play or business of his acting; be that as it may, I am sure it had no effect whatever upon the animus of the beasts.

He was received by the Parisians with that enthusiasm and *furor* which they usually display towards exhibitions where are to be enjoyed the charms of novelty, accompanied by apparently imminent danger. The latter quality has for them peculiar attractions; indeed, I verily believe that some portion of the audience would have been more than pleased at witnessing his death by lions in the middle of the arena. It is quite certain that Van Amburgh was for a length of time followed in all his performances by a gentleman who had wagered that he would be torn in pieces, and that he would

be there to see it. This man of sanguinary expectations, whoever he was—a fact never ascertained—always sat in a front seat or private box, and peering through an opera glass, never withdrew it for a moment from the cage during the "King's" presence in it. He had followed him to Paris and resumed his usual nightly prominent position. As we all know, he was, fortunately for poor Van, doomed to be disappointed in his heartless pursuit of him; still it annoyed his Leonie Majesty. The engagement proceeded for some nights with the greatest success and satisfaction to all parties: the management chuckled over their profits, the audience applauded to the skies—and Van Amburgh and Titus shook hands, and "calculated they had whipped creation." So far so good; everything went smoothly; but accidents will happen which "we reckon no one can calculate on." Not being a witness of the *contresens* myself, I will give it in the words of the "King." "They (the animals) were in first-rate hitch—more so on that night than I'd known them since making tracks for Paris. They'd behaved uncommon righteous. Prince (the lion) and Beauty (the Bengal tiger) had done their bit, I guess, up to Webster, and so had Vic (the lioness), and had all gone up den to wait orders. I was about striden backwards to send the leopards to the front, when, not noticing that Vic's tail lay out, straight as a bowsprit, I trod mighty hard across it with a sort of rolling squeeze, which was near earting me. In one instant, quick as a squirrel, she had me through the calf and held on firm, dead lock. I said nothing, I knew that would only flurry her—and perhaps the others too—and she might then have rolled me; so collecting my almighty power, with good aim, I let her have it just above the nose. She dropped hugging like wind, and made off Indian fashion, on her belly, to old Prince. It certainly was weighty, that blow. I never hit an animal so hard before—but my fixings just then weren't pleasant, I calculate—so I gave her all I could. After she'd skeddaddled, I backed out quiet, bleeding like Niagara." The curtain fell at the excitement of the scene—the blood was instantly mopped out of the cage, for fear the other animals should taste or smell it, and then Van Amburgh made all haste home to the hotel, where it happened that I was ready to receive and console him.

He was in the most exquisite pain, but bore it manfully, and smoked his cigar with the utmost coolness, save occasionally giving utterance to those peculiar Yankee oaths which characterise the nation. So large and deep, however, were the indentions made by the lioness's fangs, that upon examination I found I could easily pass my two fingers, one on each side, into the holes, and make them meet. In a few days the leg swelled, inflammation set in, and Mr. Gunning and Sir William Chermiside pronounced it a very threatening, dangerous case: and in that state, under the most anxious and careful treatment, it continued, the bad symptoms obstinately and gradually increasing.

At this time I had taken advantage of being in Paris to join the class of that famous and justly celebrated historical painter Paul Delaroche, at the Ecole des Beaux Arts, for the purpose of studying the human figure. I had previously been a pupil in London of Mr. Charles Hancock, whose talent as an animal painter was highly appreciated, and whose near approach to Landseer was frequently made the subject of warm contention. I had often shown my studies of animals, consisting principally of dogs, deer, cats, and horses, to the suffering Van Amburgh, whom it was now a mercy to amuse, and he expressed great interest in and admiration of the art, more especially as the subjects were so thoroughly after his own taste. His cage of animals had been removed to a stable yard in the Champs Elysées—of which he had the key—and his engagement at the Porte St. Martin was broken. His leg still continued increasing in size, not yielding in the slightest degree to any kind of treatment; in short, the unlucky Van's "fixings," as he called them, were as "still as a storm."

Nevertheless, I said to myself, here is a glorious opportunity for minutely and quietly studying the beauties and terrors, the drawing and grandeur of expression of the heads of the feline family. Consequently I asked him if he would give me permission to make sketches of his superb beasts. "I should think I guess I would, friend," he good-naturedly replied—"You know where to find them; poor dears, dying for their Boss! Dan the keeper stops with 'em all day long, so you'll have nothing to do but to knock at the gate and say who you are, and then do as you like with 'em. I shall see Dan before you, and let him know about your coming."

The next morning early I packed up my painting traps, and proceeded to the scene of action. I found the animals in a most commodious, airy stable-yard, under a sort of carriage-drive, well protected from the weather, and in a capital light for my purpose. The performing cage had been taken to pieces, and the beasts had been removed into their traveling-dens. The lion and lioness were together; the enormous Bengal tiger, that measured twenty-two feet from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail, was alone; while the leopards, of which there were seven, occupied the third van. I was more struck than ever by their extreme beauty, their sleekness of coat, and their perfection of condition. But I soon discovered that these attractions were obtained only by the greatest attention to their health and welfare. For instance, my assiduous Daniel, shortly after my introduction, entered the lion's den,

and, brush in hand, commenced grooming him, an operation which he seemed to enjoy, and submitted to with the greatest patience and good-humor. He next performed the same kind office for the disgraced Vic, who also appeared equally grateful and equally as docile as her lord and master. Their thanks were expressed by a series of joyous boundings up and down, and against the boarded sides of the den, but with such ponderous grace and roaring that I really trembled for the fate of Daniel, who, not attempting to interfere with them, stood perfectly mute and indifferent, his brush in one hand, his broom in the other. With the latter, as soon as quiet was restored, he swept out the den. This service was continued to each cage of animals, and with the like results.

I soon set to work and completed a study of the lion and the lioness's heads, which, to the intense delight of Van Amburgh, I presented to him. Unfortunately his leg persistently got worse, and with it his health was fast failing. Alarming debility, fainting fits, and profuse perspirations were the coming evils. For my part, I began to dread the worst; and as for Titus, he was past all hope or consolation, and spent his time in brandy and tears. At length came the crisis. Amputation was proposed. Van would not listen to any limb-lobbing; he preferred death a thousand times over. A consultation with the best French surgeons was next held. Baron Larry, as a *dernier ressort*, requested permission to open the leg, which had now swollen to an enormous size; by keeping it in a continual hot bath he hoped to bring on suppuration. To this Van Amburgh consented; and never shall I forget the scene of confusion and uproar he caused at the operation. This courageous, dauntless gladiator, who daily and nightly risked his life; who boasted that he would face the most savage wild beast, and indeed on several occasions had done so; whose coolness and presence of mind were beyond a doubt; and whose American philosophy of death would have led you to believe that he had already suffered that last convulsion at least ten times—the instant that all was in readiness (he had been removed for convenience from the bed into an arm-chair) and he caught sight of the knife, he howled and yelled worse than any hyena. He cried for mercy, begged, prayed, and implored like a child that they would not hurt him, and, in fine, that they would desist: he could never stand it; it would kill him at once, he would die under the operation. However, all his beseechings were now too late, and in vain; he was in the hands of men who, accustomed to scenes of this description, were as deaf and unmoved as posts. With the assistance of two men, besides Titus and myself, the cursing, swearing and violent patient—for that was the turn his mind and temper had taken ere he resigned himself to the knife—was held down by main force after severe struggling. I may truly say it was a fight for life. What a blessing is chloroform! Baron Larry at length passed the scalpel in at the back of the leg, a little above the calf, and below the knee, and drew it out about an inch above the ankle. The wound was fully eight inches long, and as deep as he could make it. During its progress the yelling, cursing, and fighting was inconceivably disgusting and ridiculous. Nevertheless, the "King" was fairly beaten, and, when all was over, and the limb comfortably placed in a hot bath, his gratitude was boundless, and his thanks unceasing and sincere. He wept like the veriest child.

A few days sufficed to show that the operation had been attended with signal success. From day to day there was manifest improvement in both the poisoned leg and the shaken health, and thus in time was the mighty tamer of the denizens of the forests and deserts restored from the brink of the grave to his normal condition of gigantic strength and health.

During his progress to convalescence I daily availed myself of the opportunity of sketching and studying the beautiful beasts in the Champs Elysées. I was left much alone with them, and became quite familiar and good friends with all of them.

I come now to the secret—the very soul, as it were, of the tamer's existence and professional success, which I discovered under the following strange circumstances. On arriving at the extremities of the tiger, anxious to express the peculiar action of clawing natural to all the feline tribe, I essayed to irritate him with the handle of a hoe used for scraping out the dens, trusting that he would strike at it with his paw. It was all in vain, I could not procure the demonstration of talons necessary for my purpose, although I over and over again tried to bring him to the scratch. In despair I gave it up and sat down and smoked, considering what next to do, when I presently observed that my striped model beauty had prepared himself for a siesta, and in his abandon had thrust out his huge foot beneath the bottom bar, so that it hung listlessly on the outside, in a sort of drooping position. Softly, almost imperceptibly smoothing it down with one hand—a sensation that evidently gave him pleasure and confidence—I with the other tenderly drew open his toes, still continuing the mesmerizing movement. He at first half opened his terror-striking eyes, and gazed doingly but inquiringly at me, as much as to say, "What are you going to do?" I did not, however, desist, but cautiously continued my examination; nor was I to be satisfied until I had thoroughly ascertained the truth of my suspicions—he had no claws. They had been extracted as you would extract the finger nail of a human being, and the toes afterwards entered. Upon care-

fully scrutinising the feet of the other animals I soon made assurance doubly sure, and incontrovertibly convinced myself that they had been all served alive; from the lion to the leopards they were clawless.

The conclusions I immediately came to within myself at this astounding mutilation were these:—Here is beyond comparison the very handsomest and noblest collection of wild beasts ever seen together, tame, submissive, and tractable as domestic-bred animals, in most superb coat, fat as moles, and apparently as affectionate and grateful for kindness as would be the most intelligent and faithful of man's companions; the one great and accountable reason for this is that in themselves—their courage, their ferocity, and their savage natures—they are vanquished, annihilated, utterly undone and demoralised. Plundered of their weapons, offensive and defensive, their very heart-strings torn asunder, their quick, sensitive natures crushed out—cast off the rack, cowed, bleeding, benumbed and incapable, to obey the will of their torturer. "Ah," I exclaimed, "poor beautiful and pampered creatures, you are not what you seem; you are no longer lions and tigers, rulers of deserts and jungles; unhappy, miserable brutes, I pity you from my heart; nevertheless, in your low estate you are yet more admirable than man!"

On returning to the hotel, when alone with Van Amburgh I made a point of reciting to him my accidental discovery of his secret "ways and means" of obtaining his surprising supremacy. His embarrassment and confusion were at first profound and helpless, but to me, in my disgust, really enjoyable. Recovering himself, however, quickly, he rather violently exclaimed, "May I be—!" (a national oath) "if you were to tell other folks of this, youngster, you would just ruin the consarn. You artists are too inquisitive. I wonder natur' stands to it, always prying into her bosom secrets. She'll revolutionize some day, I guess, and throw you. What could you want with their claws? Why, a tom-cat's would have done you quite as well, I calculate, as my innocents." A volley of slang followed this liberal free admission to his magnificent menagerie. When cooled down he extracted from me a promise, as a "gentleman and man of honor," that I would never repeat what I had seen to any one, so long as he was performing. I have kept my word. This is the first time I have ever disclosed the execrable process, the refined agony, and despicable cowardice by which Van Amburgh made himself a "Lion King!"

The first meeting between Van and his animals after so long an absence as nearly three months was one of the most touching ebullitions of attachment ever witnessed or possible to imagine. The party consisted of Titus; the great performer himself, on crutches; a Colonel Perrigneux, of the Algerian Army; and myself. Van carried with him a large bag of sweet biscuits and lumps of sugar—for I must here mention that he had taught them to eat all sorts of niceness, and they had become extremely fond of them, and looked for them from his hand with greedy anxiety. They were always fed upon cooked meat, and never on any account permitted to taste or smell blood. On entering the stable yard, immediately catching sight of their master, the whole place was in an uproar; the animals sprang against the bars, rose up on them, rubbed themselves violently against them, purring and roaring *sotto voce*, and exhibiting every conceivable demonstration of affection and delight at his return that their natures dictated and were capable of. Nothing but Van's caresses would pacify or calm them. "Pretty dears, I would go in to them," he said, "but I fear they would rough me, and I am yet too weak." However, perceiving a chair handy, he exclaimed, "My pets, be patient and I'll come and talk to you." Taking the chair with one hand, he opened the lion's den with the other, and hobbled as well as he could up the little steps which led to the doorway; but so eager were they to get at him, that had it not been for the assistance of Dan, they most assuredly would have jumped out and got at large. Once inside, Van seated himself most majestically in the middle, crutch in hand; then, calling the lioness to him, he read her a lecture on her misbehavior and the impropriety of biting him. Prince, in the meantime, sat by his side, with his magnificent head resting on his knees, apparently listening to and inwardly digesting the advice to his less reflective spouse. Van then patted and played with them, and finally put each through a short rehearsal of some of their well known tricks and attitudes, simply keeping them off him by the authority of his crutch, finishing his visit by a distribution of cakes and sugar, and a renewal of fond and endearing expressions of his regard for them. The whole scene was of the most interesting and absorbing description, far surpassing any exhibition that I had ever before either read of or could have supposed such ferocious natures admitted of displaying. The same ceremony was gone through with each set of animals, the leopards literally mobbing and hustling him, almost beyond his control; he had, indeed, considerable difficulty in keeping them at all within bounds.

Van Amburgh is now no more, but he died a natural death—not torn to pieces in revenge for unjustifiable brutality and vulgar daring. He was *par excellence* at the head of his then novel and hazardous calling—a "Lion King."

In Savannah, Ga., lately, a gentleman had the exquisite pleasure of catching his mother-in-law robbing his hen-roost.



## A CHINESE STORY.

BY C. P. CRANCH.

None are so wise as they who make pretence To know what fate conceals from mortal sense. This moral from a tale of Ho-hang-ho Might have been drawn a thousand years ago, Long ere the days of spectacles and lenses, When men were left to their unaided senses.

Two young short-sighted fellows, Chang and Ching,

Over their chopsticks idly chattering, Fell to disputing which could see the best: At last they agreed to put it to the test. Said Chang: "A marble tablet, so I hear, Is placed upon the Bo-hee temple near, With an inscription on it. Let us go And read it (since you boast your optics so). Standing together at a certain place In front, where we the letters just may trace. Then he who quickest reads the inscription there

The palm for keenest eyes henceforth shall bear."

"Agreed," said Ching; "but let us try it soon: Suppose we say to-morrow afternoon."

"Nay, not so soon," said Chang: "I'm bound to go,

To-morrow, a day's ride from Ho-hang-ho, And shan't be ready till the following day: At ten A. M. on Thursday let us say."

So 'twas arranged. But Ching was wide awake: Time by the forelock he resolved to take; And to the temple went at once, and read Upon the tablet: "To the illustrious dead—

The chief of mandarins, the great Goh-Bang." Scarce had he gone when stealthily came Chang, Who read the same; but, peering closer, he

Spied in a corner what Ching failed to see— The words, "This tablet is erected here By those to whom the great Goh-Bang was dear."

So, on the appointed day—both innocent As babes, of course—these honest fellows went And took their distant station; and Ching said, "I can read plainly, 'To the illustrious dead— The chief of mandarins, the great Goh-Bang.'" "And is that all you can spell?" said Chang. "I see what you have read, but furthermore, In smaller letters, toward the temple-door, Quite plain, 'This tablet is erected here By those to whom the great Goh-Bang was dear.'"

"My sharp-eyed friend, there are no such words!" said Ching.

"They're there," said Chang, "if I see any thing—

As clear as daylight!" "Patent eyes, indeed, You have!" cried Ching. "Do you think I cannot read?"

"Not at this distance, as I can," Chang said, "If what you say you saw is all you read."

In fine, they quarrelled, and their wrath increased,

Till Chang said, "Let us leave it to the priest: Lo, here he comes to meet us." "It is well," Said honest Ching: "no falsehood he will tell."

The good man heard their artless story through, And said, "I think, dear sirs, there must be few

Blest with such wondrous eyes as those you wear.

There's no such tablet or inscription there. There was one, it is true; 'twas moved away, And placed within the temple yesterday."

For the Favorite.

## LAVINIA:

OR,

## A SKETCH FROM A STORMY LIFE.

BY IRIS,

OF MONTREAL.

## CHAPTER I.

"Dear Emma, for the first time I begin to think Montreal a delightful place."

"You do! Why, this is an eleventh hour conversion."

"Ah, but you see, sister, this is the first time I have had an opportunity of seeing it from this prospect. Truly the old adage is verified, 'distance lends enchantment to the view,' and when the signal for starting is given and we glide from the wharf it will grow beautiful, and still more beautiful just in proportion as we recede from it; so when the last cloud of dust, and the last tall smoking factory chimney has disappeared I shall be at perfect peace with it; I think I shall even be able to forget those weary months of toil in the noisy schoolroom, and by the time I have reached our dear native village, with its grassy streets and fresh green fields, I shall be myself again. Yes indeed, you need not smile for I feel as though the sight of the parsonage alone with our dear pastor and his kind sister would be enough to recall me to health and spirits; but there is the bell, you must go."

There was a hasty good-bye and the sisters parted, and although tears filled the young girl's eyes she was really happier than she had been

for some time. When the boat left the wharf she seated herself in a quiet corner to watch the bustling throng around her; so much interested was she that they were quite near the village before she was aware her journey was so near an end. It was almost two years since she had left it, which had been necessitated by the death of her father; for then she was obliged to find employment in the city, and on this beautiful September night as she approached it and saw each old familiar object resting so quietly in the moonlight, memories of the past crowded on her, and unable to control her emotion she bowed her head and burst into tears.

"Can I in any way serve you?" said a low voice near her. Looking up she saw a good-looking young man, with light brown curls and hazel eyes, standing before her. He repeated the question in the same respectful manner; she replied, "No, sir; I thank you."

"I am sorry, it would give me much pleasure. You are sad probably being in such a crowd alone. How far do you go?"

"Here," she said as she noticed they were almost at the wharf.

"Then cannot I assist you in looking after your baggage?"

"Thank you, I have not any."

"May I accompany you through the crowd?"

"I expect a friend to meet me."

"They will look for you in the cabin, not here."

He led her through the crowded saloon to the cabin where in a few moments Miss Duncan, her pastor's sister, came in search of her.

"Here comes my friend," said she.

"Then I must say farewell," said her new acquaintance shaking hands with her. He then withdrew just as Miss Duncan came up, put her arms round her and hurried her through the crowd, not speaking until they were entirely alone; then she enquired for Emma and her husband. Lavinia answered they were well, and enquired for Mr. Duncan.

"He is in good health, but having some letters to write I thought I should just come alone to meet you; were you lonesome on the boat?"

"Not very. I was much amused by the people round me."

"Who was that gentleman with whom you were talking?"

"I do not know, but seeing me alone he very kindly offered to look after my baggage if I had any; he brought me down to the cabin knowing you would expect to find me there."

As Miss Duncan remained silent, Lavinia feared she had done wrong, and she timidly enquired if she had. Her companion answered, "Oh no, I suppose not; but a steamboat is not a place to form an acquaintance in such a way, and if you had baggage it would not be safe to trust a stranger."

"Oh, Miss Duncan, I am sure this gentleman could be trusted, he had such a good face."

"Was he good-looking?"

"Yes, perfectly handsome."

"Ah, I thought so; take care Veeny, my child, it is not by beauty of form nor face that you are to judge the heart or character."

She had reached the parsonage by this time, and Mr. Duncan having heard the gate close behind them came out to welcome her; they went into his study for a while, then Veeny was shown to the chamber assigned her. When here she seated herself at the window to enjoy the beautiful scene without; all appeared so calm and peaceful, not a sound broke the stillness of the night, except the rustling foliage in the garden below, and the gentle ripple of the distant river as it flowed along like gleaming silver beneath the young moon's soft rays.

Thus she sat until her sleepy eyes almost closed and her tired head drooped, then she arose and laid herself on the snowy couch that stood so invitingly beside her; but the exertion to do so dispelled sleep, and for a long time she lay thinking of her happy childhood, which had been passed in the cottage she could almost see from the window where she had sat. Presently as by magic she was in it once more, surrounded by all those so dear to her; she lay in her little cot and her fond mother bent over calling her by her pet name. Veeny clasped her arms round her and clung close to her as though in fear lest something should again separate them; but in spite of her efforts to retain her hold she felt her fingers relax and found herself slipping down until she stood by her side. As she attempted to grasp her arm she raised her eyes and discovered that her mother had vanished, and in her place stood the gentleman who had spoken to her on the boat. She glanced around in surprise and found she was no longer a child; the cottage and all its inmates had fled and she was once more upon the steamboat; but now, amid a scene of indescribable anguish—for all knew by the rocking and swaying beneath them that the boat was sinking,—in mortal fear she now clutched her companion's arm and implored him to save her; but he cowardly shook her off and catching something to support himself he leaped into the river; then she stood alone trembling and watching herself going down to be engulfed in the dark waters below. A cry of horror burst from her lips; she started up, gasping round for a moment in bewilderment, then sank back again on her pillow, saying, "It was only a horrid dream." When she again awoke the bright morning sun was flooding her room with its golden light.

A short time at the quiet parsonage with her kind friends, and Lavinia was once more in good health, and when business called Mr. Duncan to the city he reluctantly promised to endeavor to procure her employment, for both he and his sister wished her to remain

with them during the winter. However, as she was determined to go he did as she required him, and was successful in finding her an engagement as companion to an old lady named Mrs. Russel who resided in Lower Lachine; being quite alone with the exception of the servants, she wished to have Lavinia with her at once, so a day or two later found her installed in her new home. Mrs. Russel was very lady-like but extremely proud; she lived quite retired, as she was rather old to participate in the pleasures of fashionable life; in fact she seemed to care for little except her nephew who had gone to England and was not expected to return until spring; she talked of him all day long, and Lavinia had to write such long letters to him she often wondered if he read them all. One day as she was arranging Mrs. Russel's escritoire she found a photograph; as her eyes fell on the handsome young face with its expressive hazel eyes a bright flush mantled her cheeks.

"What is the matter. That is my nephew, do you know him?" said Mrs. Russel.

"He resembles a gentleman I have met somewhere," she answered, as she took another look at the familiar face, that had so often haunted her dreams.

The winter passed pleasantly away, her new life in such contrast to the noise and excitement of the schoolroom seemed so quiet and peaceful to her. Early in spring Mrs. Russel's nephew returned; it was late at night when he arrived, so Veeny did not meet him until the next morning, at breakfast. That morning as usual he was the theme of the old lady's talk while dressing; when they descended to the breakfast room they found him already there. Mrs. Russel introduced them. Veeny returned his polite bow, rather embarrassed, for she immediately recognised her cavalier of the boat. As he did not appear to know her, she quickly regained her composure, and took her place at the table to pour the coffee. It was customary for Veeny to read a while to Mrs. Russel after breakfast, but this morning she was so occupied with Arthur that this was waived; being at leisure Veeny went into the parlor alone, and taking up a volume of Longfellow's poems was soon travelling with Elsie on her magnanimous mission to Solern; she was so interested she did not notice Arthur's entrance, and when she had brought Elsie back once more to her mother, she closed the book and looked up to encounter a pair of hazel eyes scanning her face.

"You have been interested," said the owner of them.

"Yes, much so." She rose as she spoke.

"Are you going?"

"Yes, I must attend Mrs. Russel."

"She is asleep and does not require your attendance."

She had now no excuse to go, but as she did not want a *tête-à-tête* with him she stood turning over the books on the table, hoping an opportunity of escape would soon present itself.

"Miss Morton, your face is quite familiar to me. I am sure we have met before, do you not think we have?"

"It is quite possible."

"Is my countenance familiar to you?"

"I have seen your picture so often that it certainly is."

"But do you think that you have ever seen the original before this morning?"

She raised her eyes to his face and appeared to think a moment, then answered, "Yes, I think I have."

"When, or where?"

"My memory serves me poorly."

He saw this was but an evasion, so answered, "I shall yet recall the event and refresh your memory."

Thus the subject dropped at this time. In a few days they had become quite intimate; his aunt thought he had grown quite attached to her, as he would sit for hours beside her talking or reading, all unconscious that while he read or quoted some thrilling passage his eloquent eyes wandered to her companion's face, where he read in that flushing cheek or drooping eyelid how truly his sentiments were appreciated.

Thus things went quietly on until three months had passed since Arthur's return; one evening, Mrs. Russel feeling ill retired earlier than usual, and Lavinia being alone seated herself in the arbor to watch the moon as it flitted along the heavens, now disappearing behind a cloud, and again reappearing and gliding along for a moment only to be once more enveloped; the thought occurred to her of what a similitude existed between pale Luna's wanderings and her own changeable life; like her she was sometimes out in the clear calm light, and again often enshrouded in darkness. These reflections recalled many painful instances which caused the tears to flow down her cheeks; so completely was she occupied with this sad contemplation that she did not hear Arthur's footsteps, nor was she aware of his proximity until he laid his hand on her shoulder and pronounced her name; she started up, and raised her tear wet face, which was fully revealed in the moonlight.

"Lavinia," he said, "never was your face more familiar than it is at this moment. I can now recollect where we first met, and now as then, I ask can I be of any service to you? That is right, dry your tears, they are out of place in your bright eyes, but tell me are you in trouble, can I help you?"

"Thank you, Mr. Russel, you cannot. I was only indulging a pensive mood."

They stood side by side as they talked, he held her hand which she tried to withdraw, but he clasped it tighter as he said: "Lavinia, you little know how that pale face I saw but for few moments on the boat, has haunted me ever since;

there was something so touching, so beautiful in it, it was impossible to forget it; but indeed I had no desire to do so, on the contrary I used to recall it and frequently repeat the few words I heard those quivering lips utter; when I met you here the morning following my arrival, although your countenance was quite familiar to me, yet I could not connect its flushing cheeks, sparkling eyes, and smiling lips, with my cherished mournful one; still I could not help it sharing my thoughts and heart, but now with joy I find they are one, and being neither able longer to hide my feelings nor to bear suspense, I ask you, Veeny, does the knowledge give you pleasure that I have cherished your image fondly for months and now love the original." And poor artless, untutored Veeny, who knew so little of self-control and less still of deception, could do nought but acknowledge how dear he was to her. Next morning when they met at breakfast, he appeared as usual, she shy and unusually still, although evidence of her happiness lurked in her luminous eyes; in a day or two a golden charm encircled her finger which told of their affianced; and now the past with all its pain and sorrow is forgotten, and a bright and peaceful elysium seemed to open up before her. Poor Veeny, this, like all others of your pleasures, is but transient. One day when the old lady lay down on the sofa to take her siesta, Lavinia was close beside her busily working; Arthur who sat in a remote corner watched his aunt's face until she fell asleep, then left his place and took a seat near Veeny. As they sat conversing in a low tone they took no notice of the passing moments, nor that Mrs. Russel had awoke and was gazing with scowling brow at their reflection which was plainly depicted in the mirror opposite; there was he, her idolized nephew, seated close beside her waiting maid; they are looking into each other's eyes smiling and whispering; now he takes her face between his hands, and the old lady is almost aghast, he actually kisses it. "Oh Arthur!" is all the reproof he receives and the conversation goes on, she has seen enough to realize the truth, she closes her eyes, stirs, yawns, opens her eyes again and sits up, Arthur is at some distance apparently intently reading; Veeny beside her waiting her pleasure. Ever after this Mrs. Russel kept a vigilant watch upon their actions, and each day she received some evidence of their mutual attachment. A dilemma. She loved the little warm-hearted, impulsive orphan, and it would cause her much regret to part with her; but she was far too proud ever for one moment to think of her nephew stooping to marry her; she knew if she openly opposed them Veeny would instantly leave the house, and there was the chance of her going to some place where she could receive him, and thus make matters worse. After forming and abandoning several plans, she decided to invite some young lady to stay a short time with her so that Arthur might see the contrast between one, his own equal in society, and humble Veeny. The invitation was extended and accepted; so Miss Clara Hart became unconsciously Veeny's rival. She was pretty and accomplished, and had just enough coquetry to act the part it was intended she should. Mrs. Russel took particular pains to bring them together as much as possible in Arthur's presence. Truly the contrast was striking, she had the advantage of Veeny in everything: age, education, dress and beauty. She was a blonde, with laughing blue eyes, pouting lips and golden curls; but her winning, graceful manner could alone have eclipsed poor Veeny, who usually sat quietly reading or at work, with her only beautiful feature, her eyes, shaded by their long drooping lashes, her pale dark complexion only relieved by her crimson lips. Arthur noticed the difference and wished she would not sit so statue-like, for he knew that excitement brought beauty to her plainest feature, but she held her reserve, and everything went quietly on to the end of Miss Hart's stay. He had been unceasing in his attention to her, voluble in his praise of her, so much so that his aunt felt sure her ruse had succeeded; but when she left and the household returned to its usual routine, she found she had been mistaken, that his feelings to judge from appearance had not changed in the least toward Veeny. Not at all discouraged she resolved to try another—to part with Veeny. Her first step was to search for a place for her; this she soon found, as an acquaintance of hers was going to Cacouna, and being in delicate health, and having a little boy, she required a person to accompany her. This suited exactly. Here was an opportunity of removing her to a distance for two months at least; she immediately and with apparent disinterestedness offered to resign Veeny to her for that period; the lady gladly accepted the offer. Mrs. Russel then, on the pretext of having some property repaired, sent Arthur to Upper Canada. The day following his departure the lady called on Mrs. Russel, who then for the first time intimated to Veeny that this lady, Mrs. Hill, her particular friend, wished to have her accompany her down to the salt water, and she would like very much if she would go to oblige her.

"I should not like to leave you alone," said Veeny, all unconscious of the old lady's stratagem.

"Do not think of that," she replied. "Arthur will soon be home again, and I know of a person I am almost sure of getting immediately to take your place."

So it was settled. How she longed to see Arthur before going, but that was impossible. So going into the garden she gathered some violets and taking them to his room placed them between the leaves of his favorite books. She trusted he would know who placed them there



Mr. Hill was a tall, good-looking man, about forty years of age; he had married Mrs. Hill (who was then a widow) two years previous to this. The watering place presented quite a gay scene and proffered much amusement and pleasure; but none of the party participated except Mr. Hill, Mrs. Hill being too ill and Veeny's attention was occupied with the little boy. Mr. Hill remained a few days and then returned to the city and did not again visit them until Mrs. Hill wished to return home. Nothing of note occurred there, only that Veeny became much attached to the pale, sick lady and her beautiful boy. When they reached the city, Veeny took the first opportunity that presented itself to visit Mrs. Russell. With throbbing heart she almost ran up the garden walk, and hurried in at the open door and tapped lightly at the parlor door. There was a pause, then a familiar step reached her ear; the door opened.

"Veeny, my darling!" "Arthur!"

His arms were round her, he stooped and kissed the glad tears from her eyes and cheeks, then gently placed her in a chair, and taking a seat beside her, he told her of his surprise to find her absent on his returning from Upper Canada and his chagrin to find everything had been so arranged that it was impossible for him to take a trip down to see her; but he had found the violets, and preserved them carefully, and how long and miserable he had been, and finally how happy he was to see her again.

Their tête-à-tête was now interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Russell, who greeted Veeny warmly, enquiring particularly how she liked the family. She did not express all the pleasure she felt when Veeny told her she liked them very much. She then asked her if Mrs. Hill wished her to remain with her; Veeny answered that she had expressed such a wish.

"Poor, dear lady," she said; "I love and pity her so much. I hope she shall not ask me to part with you, for I should scarcely have the heart to refuse her."

"The next day Mrs. Russell called on Mrs. Hill, who exhibited much reluctance to part with Veeny. Mr. Hill, too, expressed his regret for, said he, "Willie is so much attached to her."

After some time and talk, Mrs. Russell concluded to resign her if Veeny was willing.

Veeny answered she would do what Mrs. Russell thought best, but she was much disappointed and longed to be alone that she might give vent to her tears.

Mr. Hill playfully suggested that they should have a written agreement, lest Mrs. Russell should change her mind; Mrs. Hill thought it a good idea and Mrs. Russell, scarcely able to conceal her exultation, turned to Veeny and said, "As your salary is so good I think you cannot do better than accede to it."

Veeny, not daring to trust her voice to speak, bowed her consent; so she was engaged to Mr. Hill for one year as nursery governess.

## CHAPTER II.

Mrs. Russell returned home in high spirits. At tea she met Arthur whose first enquiry was for Veeny. As she acquainted him with what had been done, his face grew crimson with passion; but he remained silent, so her name was not again mentioned for a long time; but in the interval he haunted the vicinity of Mr. Hill's residence until he finally met Veeny taking her charge for a walk.

"This is the second time," said Arthur, "that my aunt has tricked me. How I longed to go boldly up to the door and ask for you, but I knew that would spoil all, so instead, I have been trying to ingratiate myself with Hill, in the hope of being asked to call; but I have not succeeded very well, for he hates me, and not without reason either; perhaps he is in league with my aunt. I once foiled him, and I am sure he would like to return the compliment. When my parents died, my aunt being without children took me, brought me up, and, in fact, acted in every way toward me as she would have done had I been her own son; telling me I would inherit all her property at her death; but Mr. Hill took a fancy to the old lady's property, and made advances to her, which I was inclined to think she did not look on with disapproval. It was not in me to stand coolly by and see a stranger step in between my expectations and me, so I did all I could to annoy him, ever taunting him, until one day no longer able to stand my impertinence he struck me. With my cheek flaming and smarting from the blow I hurried to my aunt. This was enough. Her indignation knew no bounds; the next time he called she refused to see him. He wrote a note of course, exculpating himself but might could take back the blow. Thus I triumphed. So you see it is not astonishing that he repudiated my attempts at friendship; the lady he is married to has quite a fortune, but it goes to her boy at her death. However he does not seem to think a boy a great obstacle. I wonder if he knows of our attachment. Has he ever mentioned my name to you?"

"He did once; he asked me if I knew if any definite time had been fixed on for your marriage with Miss Hart."

"Well, well, they are going to marry me, are they, without consulting either the young lady or myself I suppose; but perhaps, Veeny, he only said this to try what effect it would have on you. What did you say?"

"That I did not know."

It was now time to return home so they separated after agreeing to meet at the same place

every day she could take Willie out. As winter approached Mrs. Hill grew worse; sometimes she would not be able to leave her room for weeks, much to Veeny's annoyance as Willie and she took their meals at the table with Mr. Hill, and as he affected to like the child, he insisted that they should spend the evenings with him in the parlor when he was at home. He had at first treated Veeny with perfect indifference, but now he reversed his demeanor, and was profuse in his attentions to her, which were both unnecessary and disagreeable to the latter. She took no pains to conceal and frequently repudiate them with little or no ceremony. This however had not the desired effect for he only redoubled his smiles, compliments, and attentions. One night Willie having a severe cold he became fretful and would not remain in bed, but insisted on being taken down to the parlor and rocked asleep there. Veeny having heard Mr. Hill go out took the child and descended to the room, seated herself in the rocking-chair holding the tiny form in her arms with his burning cheek resting against hers. She rocked to and fro as she sang a low, sweet lullaby; she had just succeeded in quieting him when she was startled by a slight cough. Looking up she saw Mr. Hill standing before her, looking smilingly down at her. She drooped her eyes and endeavored to appear indifferent, but her cheeks grew hot, and her song was hushed.

"I am sorry I disturbed you," he said, with his usual disagreeable suavity, "it was such a beautiful tableau."

At this Willie raised himself and told her to sing; she coaxed him to lie down again. Mr. Hill approached and assisted in soothing him. When he was once more quiet Mr. Hill stooped down and caught her hands as they lay clasped on the child's lap.

"He is very feverish," he said, pretending he thought he held Willie's only, as he felt the hot blood rush to her very finger tips.

"Release my hand, sir," said Veeny, her voice quivering with indignation.

"Your hand, why it is Willie's I hold."

"Release it instantly. I shall stand this no longer."

He glanced from her passionate face to her hands, and then said slowly, "Ah yes, I see I do hold it, but I can release it now willingly, for one day not far distant, I shall hold it so fast that nothing but death shall take it from me."

Then, casting a look upon her which caused her to shudder, he left the room; it only now occurred to her how foolish she had been to have a written engagement; but it was too late now to think of that, so she set about planning how she might best avoid him. The day following she asked Mrs. Hill if she and Willie could take their meals alone until she was able to join them at the table, Mrs. Hill readily consented, and when Mr. Hill wished to have Willie in the parlor she brought him down but refused to remain herself, so they seldom met. As the weather had become too cold and disagreeable to take Willie out now, she seldom saw Arthur; so the long winter came and passed slowly and drearily away; but finally spring came bringing life and beauty to each flower and tree, but none to poor Mrs. Hill who before the end of April closed her eyes in death. For a short time after her death, Mr. Hill took no notice of Veeny whatever; then he became friendly yet respectful, and she became hopeful that the remainder of her engagement would be passed in peace. He engaged a housekeeper, and as soon as she had assumed her position, he intimated to Veeny his wish that she and Willie would join them at the table; to this she acquiesced. Since the fine weather had come she had resumed her morning walks in which now as before she was accompanied by Arthur. Thus the summer was passing pleasantly along; but such tranquility was not to be of long duration. One evening as Veeny sat in the parlor watching Willie as he played with his dog on the piazza before her, Mr. Hill entered the room, and taking a seat near her commenced talking of the child's marked improvement and his gratitude for the interest and love she had displayed toward the child; then he mentioned that her engagement would soon be complete, and inquired if she had made up her mind what she would do at its expiration. She replied she had not.

"I should like very much if you would remain with us, Willie is so much attached to you," he said. She remained silent and he continued, "will you confer on me the favor of renewing your engagement?"

"No sir," she said coolly.

"Veeny, I cannot spare you; will you not stay?"

"No sir, positively no."

"Veeny, part with you I cannot. I did not wish to be importunate, but since you will not stay in the capacity of governess, you force me to speak; you know that I have long loved you, and I now would make you my wife. Only say that you will be mine, and I will not mention the subject again for months."

"No sir, I cannot; please allow me to pass."

But he caught her arm and looking searching into her face, said: "Do you love another?"

Her eyes sought the floor and a deep flush suffused her face.

"Is it that contemptible Russell you choose in preference to me," he said scornfully.

She raised her flashing eyes to his sinister face as she answered: "I am unacquainted with any Russell to whom that adjective may be applied."

"You are not; well, there is no use standing

on ceremony with you. I tell you plainly you shall never marry him, prefix what adjective you will." He dropped her arm, and she hurried from the room, glad to escape from his hateful presence. Next day in her walk she was joined by Arthur, and had just related to him the occurrence of the evening before, when to her consternation as they turned a corner they encountered the subject of their talk accompanied by Mrs. Russell. Veeny, who held Willie's hand, walked quickly past without turning her head, but Arthur walked leisurely along as he bowed gracefully to his aunt, then he quickly overtook Veeny who was some distance in advance.

"Oh! Arthur, how unfortunate we are," burst out Veeny.

"Unfortunate, yes, in the last degree; hitherto my aunt and I although in direct opposition to each other, have kept up a mutual complacency, which allowed me to go my own way unquestioned; but now I know we shall be at open war, for I am certain she never suspected this; as for Hill I suppose as there is no chance of him doing me out of my money, he is plotting with her for you; I wonder how it will end."

"I do not know; but this I do, I will never be his wife, I shall go far enough from him when my year is out."

"But perhaps you will be no nearer me," said he, sadly.

"But you shall be happier knowing I am not persecuted like this; I think I shall go out day teaching and board with Emma."

They parted soon after this. Mr. Hill and Lavinia did not meet until tea time; then, contrary to her apprehensions, he made no allusion to the event of the morning.

When Arthur reached home he assumed an apparent composure he did not feel, and tried to meet with indifference his aunt's haughty frowning face; at dinner he made several attempts to converse with her, but failed, so was obliged to remain in silence; when dinner was over she asked him to step a few minutes into the sitting-room; he did so. When there she turned to him and said in a sharp tone.

"Arthur, have you no apology to make?"

"Apology, aunt, I do not understand you."

"You do not, then I shall explain. I demand one for meeting you walking with a menial."

Arthur colored, bit his lips, then answered "I was walking with Miss Morton, the young lady who, previous to her present engagement, was your companion."

"My waiting maid," she said shortly.

"I was not aware that as waiting maid she sat at the table with us, and acted as amanuensis."

"She was privileged, sir. I was lonely in your absence and she had such good recommendations; but I am not to be questioned by you, with regard to my conduct toward my servants, or on any other matter. But I have a right to question you, and to receive truthful answers; now, what is your intentions with reference to this girl?"

He repeated the question in his own mind, then raised his eyes from the carpet to her face with a blank look, but remained silent.

"Your answer, sir," she said sternly.

Again he drooped his eyes, as he said mentally:

"It will never do to say, I will marry her immediately if you will either consent to it or die, but there seems but little prospect of either events at present."

Then he drew himself up, assumed a dignified air, and said:

"Aunt Emily, I love her, and mean one day to make her my wife."

"That she shall never, never be, you ingrate, never while I live, and if you are unmarried when I die, not a farthing of mine shall you ever possess."

This unexpected speech rather surprised him, he had hoped his manliness would have had a favorable effect; but it failed; true he had loved Veeny as well as it was possible for a selfish nature like his to love, but the thought had never occurred to him to make any sacrifice whatever for her; he never imagined his aunt who had indulged him in every way all his life would really think to thwart him in this; that, he had concluded, was why she was working so quietly trying to separate them, but when she found she could not, she would finally give her consent; but now he saw his calculations were wrong, there was a determination in her face and manner that had never before been assumed to him; he had seen it before toward others and he knew that whatever she said when in these moods she was determined on. Thus sorely perplexed he paced the floor and ruminated: "Could he give up Veeny? No, that was impossible since he had made up his mind to have her. Give up his aunt's money? No, that was not to be thought of, how could he do without it? Work, he shuddered at the thought and put it far from him; then he threw himself in a chair in despair.

"Come Arthur, it is for your good. I speak as I do. Only think how absurd it would be to marry one so much beneath you; besides you owe me this is all I ask of you that you should marry one whom I should be proud to acknowledge as my niece."

"But, aunt, it is so hard."

"There! there! I know what you would say; you are but an impetuous boy, a few months from this you will laugh at your present folly, and wonder how you could delude yourself into the idea that you loved her; believe me, a trip to Niagara or some such place will cure you, and if that fails a glance over my will may have the desired effect; there, I have spoken plainly,

you must now choose between us; I shall expect your answer at tea time."

She left the room, and he stepped out to the piazza, lit a cigar and puffed away most vehemently. His passion must have evaporated in the clouds of smoke, for, by the time his cigar was finished, he was quite able to contemplate his position coolly. "It is plain enough," he muttered, "I must either give up Veeny or the money;" he ran his white fingers through his glossy curls impatiently, then resting his brow on his hand he endeavored to scheme a plan by which he could manage to keep both. "It is no use," he finally said: "I must give her up, for the present. Ah! now; I know what, shall do; we are both young, aunt is old, I will flirt round apparently trying to find some one to suit me, and while thus engaged she will die leaving all to her dutiful nephew, then I shall have both in spite of her obstinate pride." He then arose as much relieved as though he had contracted with the fates, for the peaceful future he had pictured to himself. At the tea time he met his aunt; the first moment they were alone, she turned toward him her inflexible face and said:

"Your answer, Arthur."

"Aunt Emily, when I thought of all your kindness to me, I was much shocked with myself to think that even for a moment I should hesitate to comply with any wish or command of yours; but, aunt, you have deeply wounded me, you called me an ingrate, recall the word and though it should break my heart, Veeny shall be resigned."

"And you give your word that all communication between you and her will be at an end."

He remained silent as though struggling with his feelings.

"Arthur, do you promise?"

"I promise."

"My darling boy, I take back every unpleasant word I have ever spoken, and I am sure you will never regret this. No, trust me, you shall not."

Her face resumed its usual expression as she stooped and kissed him fondly.

(To be concluded in our next.)

## A MEAN JOKE.

As we do not approve of practical jokes, it is inevitable that we should regard with sorrow the proceedings at Brown's over in Camden, the other day. Brown is a tolerably sound sleeper, and one afternoon last week he lay down in his room at the hotel to take a nap. One of his friends went around and scared up several scientific men and doctors, and told them that there was a very remarkable and interesting case up at the hotel. There was a man who had been asleep since New Year's day, and they couldn't wake him. They had tried everything. They had shaken that man, screamed in his ear, pinched him, thrown cold water on him, and done every other thing that could be imagined; and yet he was as sound as ever. So the doctors held a consultation and agreed to investigate the phenomenon, and at the same time to endeavor to arouse the victim from his stupor. They formed in a body and went up to Brown's room. At a given signal one doctor fired six shots from a revolver, another thumped a drum, a third whistle on his fingers, a fourth executed a solo on the cymbals, a fifth fired a cannon under Brown's window, and all the rest yelled like a pack of Comanche Indians—all but one, and he prodded Brown's left leg savagely two or three times with a carving-fork for the purpose of exciting irritation. The sleeper was aroused. Brown woke up all of a sudden, with his hair erect and his eyes-balls protruding. He did not wait for an explanation; he did not even pause for the purpose of going through the formality of being introduced to the company. He made one wild and awful dash for the window, and went out headforemost. The doctors were gratified, and they went down to examine Brown to see how he felt. It appears that he lit upon the man who was conducting the operations of the artillery, which made the cannoner mad; and when the medical caucus arrived the gunner had Mr. Brown down, and was endeavoring to remove Mr. Brown's nose with his teeth. Mr. Brown always locks the door and chains a bulldog to the mat, now, when he sleeps in the daytime.—*Phila. Sunday Dispatch.*

THE Danbury News says: A retired clergyman sends us an account of a little affair that happened in this place. It appears that there was a young woman, a fine, spirited girl, engaged at a wash-tub, opposite an open door. Just behind her was a young man, as is generally the case, and in the yard was an old buck that was allowed the freedom of the premises, which is not always the case, we are glad to say. Well, this buck came up to the door and looked in, and the young man, going close behind the young woman, pointed his finger straight at the buck, and the old fellow, recognizing at once the pressing character of this mute invitation, put down his head and dashed forward, and the miserable man stepped one side and fled, and the young woman, all unconscious of the arrangement, received the awful shock without warning and passed over the tub, and the air for an instant appeared to be full of slippers and wet clothes and soap and hot water and suds. And the next minute that goat came flying out of that door at a dreadful speed, bald the whole length of his spine and with a wild look in his eye. And for an hour afterward he stood back of the barn, scratching his chin, and trying to recall all the circumstances in the unfortunate affair.



# THE FAVORITE

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1873.

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News-dealers will please send in their orders for advance sheets at once.

## TERRIBLE CATASTROPHE.

One of the most terrible accidents which it has ever been our painful duty to record occurred about 2 o'clock on the morning of 1st instant, near Prospect, 22 miles north of Halifax, N.S., when the steamer *Atlantic*, of the White Star Line, running between Liverpool to New York, struck on Meagher's rock, and almost immediately sunk, 546 persons losing their lives. The following is the account of the disaster as given by Mr. Bradley, third officer of the ill-fated vessel, he says:

"The *Atlantic*, Captain James Agnew Williams, left Liverpool on Thursday, March 20, for New York, and touched at Queenstown the next day, after which she started on her voyage across the ocean. She had a full cargo and more than 800 passengers in the steerage with about 50 in the cabin, in all not less than one thousand souls. Experienced rough weather, but nothing of note occurred until noon on Monday, 31st, when they resolved to put into Halifax for coal. The Captain and Mr. Bradley had the night watch up to midnight, when they were relieved by the chief and fourth officers. At that time they judged that Sambro light then hove N.N.W. 39 miles. The sea was rough and the night dark, the chief and fourth officers having taken charge. Mr. Bradley went below and turned into his berth. The Captain at the same time went into his room to lie down. What occurred between midnight and two o'clock, the time at which the disaster occurred, Mr. Bradley cannot tell as he was awakened by being thrown out of his berth by the shock. The steamer struck heavily three or four times, and he ran up to the deck and found it full of passengers. He

found an axe and cleared away the starboard life-boat. He observed that the Captain and the officers were clearing the other boats. A rush for the life-boat was then made. This was the only boat launched, and it had no sooner touched than a crowd made for it, and force had to be used to prevent them crowding in. Two women and a dozen men were in her when the steamer fell over and sank, the boat, with its living freight being carried down. The hull of the steamer became almost totally submerged, only the bow and masts remained above the water. The greater part of the passengers were in their rooms below at the time and were drowned. Indeed so soon after striking did the vessel sink that many of the passengers were no doubt sleeping in their berths in blissful ignorance of all that was going on around them, and passed into eternity without a struggle. Of those on deck numbering several hundreds, many were washed overboard when the ship fell over, and their cries for help as they struggled in vain for life were most heart-rending. Many, however, had taken refuge in the rigging and on the bow, and were still living, but with the prospect of almost certain death before them, for they knew not where they were, and were in a momentary expectation of the ship sinking further and engulfing them all. Even as they were clinging in desperation to the rigging with the sea washing them continuously, their situation was most trying, and every few minutes some of them benumbed by the cold and exhausted from their struggles loosed their hold and perished."

Steamers were at once despatched from Halifax, to the scene of the wreck and succeeded in rescuing 430 persons who had been clinging to the rigging all night; they were taken to Halifax; many were in a pitiable condition—without shoes, feet swollen and bruised, clothes torn and drenched, some with carpets, matting and blankets around them, and all fretted and sick from exposure during all the night. On reaching the locality it was found that a considerable number more than at first reported had been picked up and saved. Some old and feeble persons died from exhaustion and cold after being rescued.

The chief officer, though a long time in a perilous position, alone on the wreck, was at last saved. He supported a lady, who was on the rigging with him until she died.

The cabin passengers lost are as follows:—J. H. Price, Mr. Kruger, Henry S. Hewitt, Mr. Merritt and wife, Miss Merritt, Miss Scyrumser, all belonging to New York; Mr. Davidson and daughter, London; Mr. Shea, wife, son and daughter, Nevada, N.B.; Mr. Wellington, Boston; Miss Brodie, Miss Barker, Chicago; C. M. Fisher and wife, Vermont; Albert Sumner, San Francisco. The cabin passengers saved are:—F. D. Markwald, Brooklyn; S. W. Vich, Wilmington, N. C.; J. Spencer Jones, New Ross; Sir Lewis Levison, London; W. G. Gardner, Canterbury; Charles Allan, London; Henry Herd, Switzerland; Nicholas Brand and Simon Guimacher, New York; Adolph Jugla, New York; Daniel Kinnary, Springfield, Ohio; James Brown, Manchester; W. B. Richmond, Detroit; Dr. Cuppage, Surgeon; the first, third and fourth officers of the ship.

The names of the steerage passengers lost have not yet been ascertained.

The *Atlantic* was insured in London Companies for \$150,000. There were 760 steerage passengers on the ill-fated vessel. The passengers and crew as she sailed from Liverpool were classified as follows:—English, 198 men, 74 women, 28 male children, and 21 female children; Scotch—7 men, 4 women. Irish, 43 men, 18 women, and three children. Other nationalities 150. Adult, males 32, women 19, male children, 6; and 18 female children. A large number of emigrants embarked at Queenstown, making the total number of souls upon the steamer when she sailed from that port 976.

Only one little boy was saved from the wreck. His name is John Hendley, 8 years old. The little fellow lost his father, mother and brother. He has sisters living in New York. The boy made his escape through a port-hole and held on the rail until forced to let go and get into the rigging, where he was afterwards rescued.

The following is the latest account from Halifax:

"The vessel is still in the same position, the bow and masts out of water. Statements are made that the crew of the ship indulged in plundering the dead bodies, and one instance is related of a wretch who mutilated the hand of a lady to obtain possession of a diamond ring on her finger. The bodies of this lady and Mrs. Fisher, Vermont, and Miss Merritt, Chicago, were washed ashore to-day, and lay side by side

among 80 others. Their bodies will be forwarded home. A large number of coffins were made here and sent to the scene of the wreck to enclose the dead. A woman passenger was confined only six hours before the disaster. Several passengers with life-buoys were overturned and drowned before assistance could be rendered. Some who had no life-buoys endeavored to reach the rock by means of the line from the vessel. Not having them properly on, the lower part of their bodies were floated up with their heads down. In this manner many of them were drowned before reaching the rock. At one time during the weary watch before dawn, the fore boom broke loose from its fastenings, and swinging round instantly crushed to death about 20 persons who were gathered on the house and deck.

It was a fearful sight to witness the manner in which many met their death. Unable to reach the deck in consequence of the jam on the gangway, they rushed through the port-hole only to be seized by the waves and dashed to death against the sides of the vessel.

Quartermaster Thomas makes the following statement:—At 2 o'clock I went upon the bridge with the second officer, Mr. Metcalf. I told him not to stand into the land so, as the ship had run her distance to make the light (Sambro) from my calculations. He told me that I was neither captain nor mate. I then went to the fourth officer, Mr. Brown, and asked him if I should go on the main-yard, as he would not see the land until he struck on it. He told me that there was no use for me to go up. I then relieved the man at the wheel, and at 2:30 the second officer told the captain, who was reposing in the chart-room, that the weather was getting thick. The second officer went outside of the chart-room. The man on the lookout called out "ice ahead." The second officer ran and told the captain that they were among the ice, and shortly after the ship struck. The time was 3:15."

An official investigation into the cause of the disaster has been ordered, and public opinion is already showing some disposition to blame Captain Williams; the Liverpool agents of the White Star Line telegraphed the New York agent that they could not understand the *Atlantic* having to put into Halifax for coal, as she had 967 tons on board when she started, against an average consumption, during 18 voyages, of 744.

## A QUESTION.

No doubt a bald woman, were her features perfect as those of Venus, would fail to attract the smallest admiration. Nature seems to have provided against such a catastrophe by supplying the female head with an extra ability whereby the hair is generally preserved in some small quantity even to extreme old age. But it is rather a different thing to be proud of one's own hair and proud of the hair of somebody else, or to be beautified by what Nature, with her exquisite taste, has made to blend and balance the form and coloring of the face and head, or which the art of a hairdresser has stuck on, avowedly to correct Nature, and give massive locks for light ones, black curls where she had given "the silver crown," and brass yellow braids where she had planted sober brown hair. Two questions occur. Do men really like women better when their heads are surrounded by these piles of meretricious mendacity? Is it true, as has been asserted, that if a woman go to an evening party simply dressed, with her own hair, she is left to sit by the wall, or find her way to the supper room as best she may; while, if she assume the fashionable "make up," she "is surrounded with attention?" And, secondly, if this be really true, are women inevitably deemed for ever so weak as to care exceedingly for "attentions" afforded by such brainless men, and given, after all, not to themselves, but rather unconsciously to the dead women whose hair they have stolen? It appears to be the opinion that there are about the world, and especially about ball-rooms and evening parties, a considerable number of young gudgeons who may be caught by any bit of scarlet or glittering tinsel hung before their eyes. Conspicuousness, not real beauty, is what attracts these silly fish, and where one is drawn a dozen follow in his wake. It is asserted that the plainest, meanest-looking woman in the world—the woman who, when seen in her natural state, is absolutely ugly, may, if she pleases, paint, plaster, bedaub, and adorn herself, and give herself the airs which these "golden youths" can no more resist than a baby can turn from a coral and bells, or a kitten from a peacock's feather. Of course, the woman who by such methods has succeeded in obtaining the much coveted "attention" and subsequently, as often follows, the supposed end and aim of woman's ambition, the offer of a competent marriage, may imagine she has toiled to a very good purpose. But is it really so? Has she much to congratulate herself upon in having secured for a husband a man capable of being so attracted? Is he, such as he is, likely to continue attached to her when the glamor of paste and powder and golden hair has a little worn off in the intimacy of conjugal life? There is a story half-ludicrous, half-pathetic, of a blind gentleman who was told by his friends that a lady of his acquaintance was a beautiful

woman. Such a complexion, such features, such eyes—above all, such glorious hair! The blind man's imagination was roused to passion. He sued and won the supposed lovely dame, and all too late found that the sweet illusion of a lifetime was gone. His wife proved to be nearly bald—her magnificent hair was only a sham—and probably everything else he had believed in about her beauty was equally false. Conubial confidence and pride were at an end for ever. Very much such a discovery, we suspect, breaks on many scores of poor silly young fellows, whose eyes, though not actually blinded before marriage, are dazzled by admiration of fictitious charms, and who "marry in haste and repent at leisure." But it may truly be said of the extravagant "hair" worn by many women that it makes a shameless defiance of Nature, and hardly offers pretence to be other than the artificial monstrosity it is. They may be sure that if lovers adore false "pompadours, plaits, curls, floraline, balm," and all the rest of it—husbands usually get extremely tired of the effect produced by such means, even if they do not demur vociferously to paying for them.—*Boston Waverly.*

## PASSING EVENTS.

MORE reinforcements had sailed for Cuba.

THE Carlists are reported to have shot sixty prisoners at Berga.

THE several trans-Atlantic telegraph companies will coalesce.

IT is rumored that revolutionary agents were at work in Portugal.

THE King of the Sandwich Islands will make a visit to the United States.

THE French Government are sending more troops to the Spanish frontier.

MR. HOWE will, it is understood, be appointed Lieut.-Governor of Nova Scotia in May next.

THE Carlists are receiving arms and warlike stores as fast as they can organize their forces.

THE Modoc war threatens to assume a wider field, and settlers were removing from the country.

MR. A. T. STEWART, the well-known merchant and capitalist of New York, is dangerously ill.

MUCH damage was done in Quebec by the flooding of cellars during the spring tide, assisted by the gale of Sunday.

CYRILLE DION will play a billiard match with Maurice Daly for one thousand dollars a side and the championship.

THE populace of Barcelona, to revenge the burning of Berga by Carlists, attacked and did serious damage to several churches.

SEÑOR CASTELAR will resign unless a vigorous policy is adopted in dealing with the party clamoring for the abolition of the municipalities.

GOVERNMENT has ordered the Collector of Customs at Halifax to hold an investigation into the circumstances attending the loss of the *Atlantic*.

THE President of the French Assembly having failed to preserve order on the occasion of a recent debate in that somewhat turbulent body, has resigned.

LETTERS patent of incorporation under the Canada Joint Stock Letters Patent Act, 1869, have been granted to the Canadian Telegraph Supply Manufacturing Company of Toronto.

IT is again stated in quarters generally well informed, and, indeed, many recent events tend to show that the statement is well founded, that the preliminaries of a marriage have been arranged between the Duke of Edinburgh and the Grand Duchess Maria Alexandrovna, only daughter of the Empress of Russia.

A PRIVATE of the 52nd Regiment has been apprehended at Aldershot, charged, upon his own written confession, with the murder of Maria Clousen, at Eltham. The confession was in the prisoner's own handwriting, giving every detail, and stated where the hammer with which the crime was committed was purchased.

IN Catalonia, the Carlists had burned Berga, a town with over 5,000 inhabitants, and reprisals were threatened against the clergy and known Carlist sympathisers; popular meetings had also agitated Madrid, a deputation from a party having gone so far as to call upon the Government to suppress municipalities organized by the late monarchy.

ON Saturday morning, 5th inst., at half-past four, P. C. Breckenred discovered flames issuing from the engine room of Burke's Sash Factory, corner of Sheppard and Richmond Streets, Toronto. Considerable delay was caused by the engines being unable to obtain water, and 35 minutes elapsed before a stream was thrown. An immense factory, which occupies a space of two acres, was totally destroyed, together with Selway & Jredale's last factory, Brook's lumber yard and seven rough cast houses. Burnside Lying-in Hospital and Bond's Livery Stables had a narrow escape, the roofs being on fire several times. Loss about \$30,000; insurance, \$15,000. By the destruction of Burke's factory, 150 employes are thrown out of work. Complaints are made as to the efficiency of the Chief Engineer, Ashfield.



## FLORENCE CARR.

## A STORY OF FACTORY LIFE.

## CHAPTER XIV.—(continued.)

Keen as the thrust of a sword the thought came to Lady Helen that John Gresham, of whose admiration, if not love, for herself she was dimly conscious—that this man, the brother of him for whom she was so vainly waiting, pitied her. Yes, pitied, perhaps despised her. Even the suspicion of such a feeling stung her as no proffered condolence—nay, no studied insult could have done. Was she fallen so low as to be in need of, or deserving of this man's pity? She, the daughter of an earl of one of the proudest names in the kingdom, to be made the puppet and convenience of a man who was her inferior in everything!

No! Her heart was weak, she knew it, but she would conquer it—yes, even if she died in the struggle.

These thoughts coursed through her brain like lightning, and John Gresham, looking at her, saw the change in her pure patrician face, and marvelled at it, though he could not read its cause any more than he could be prepared for its effect.

But she made no observation, gave no sign, except in that momentary change of countenance and an almost spasmodic clenching of the small white hand.

But she smiled the next instant, even though the smile was somewhat forced, and, walking towards the chess table, said—

"You are unfortunate to-night, Mr. Gresham. But see, I am come to the rescue. Let us try if together we cannot beat Sidney."

"A nice assistant you are!" retorted her brother, with a smile. "If you are wise, Gresham, you will have nothing to do with her. She will only spoil your game."

"Only a brother could make such a rude observation," returned Lady Helen, with a laugh. "What do you say, Mr. Gresham? Shall I help you?"

"Pray do. You will find me grateful itself. I know your advice is invaluable, whatever your brother may say to the contrary."

"There, you see," laughed my lady with a little defiant toss of the graceful head, "some one appreciates me."

The words were thoughtless; uttered, indeed, to cover the wound and burning sense of wrong and injury that was gnawing her proud, sensitive heart.

But, rising to give her his chair, John Gresham's eyes met hers, and her hand, outstretched to prevent his doing so, as she preferred kneeling on a cushion by their side, was involuntarily clasped in his own for one second.

His eyes said in that one brief glance more than his tongue had ever dared to utter, and, whether by accident or design I cannot tell, but the chess table received a push or kick which sent it reeling and all the chessmen rolling upon the floor.

"There, that is the first result of your assistance," said Beltram, with something like real vexation and irritation in his tone.

"I am so sorry, Sidney, but really I couldn't help it," was the pleading reply.

While John Gresham declared it was his own clumsiness; and then the three, like so many children, went on their hands and knees to pick up the fallen chessmen.

"We must begin again," said Beltram, when their task was completed and he resumed his seat; "which is the more provoking," he continued, "since I feel certain I should have won the last game; but I must beg, Helen, that you will try to be quiet."

"Indeed I will, Sidney; see, I am going to kneel on this cushion and look on. No, I prefer it to a chair, thank you, Mr. Gresham."

But though she spoke to him unaffectedly as ever, her eyes persistently shunned his, and John Gresham wondered if she had read his secret, and, if so, what impression it had made upon her.

She gave no sign, however.

The game was nearly played out.

Scarcely half a dozen pieces remained upon the board.

The church clock was just striking ten, when the drawing-room door opened, and Frank Gresham, his handsome face flushed, his eyes bleared and sleepy, and his whole appearance

denoting that of a man far more than half-intoxicated, staggered noisily into the room.

"My lass—where's my lass Nell?" he hiccupped, reeling towards the horrified girl.

Involuntarily Sidney Beltram sprang forward, his face absolutely livid with indignant passion, while Helen, scarcely knowing what she did clung to John Gresham for protection.

## CHAPTER XV.

## FRANK GRESHAM'S EXPLOITS.

"Eligh, lass, where art thee?" hiccupped Frank Gresham, partly relapsing into the dialect of the place now the drunken fit was upon him.

But Lady Helen made no reply, except to cling with a pale, frightened face to John, and he, ashamed for the sake of his brother, yet with his love for this girl so strong in his heart as almost to gain the mastery over him, held her reverently as a brother might have done, but with a maddening impulse to press her to his breast, claim and defend her before them all.

He had borne the cross that was upon him

Even in that moment of humiliation and agony, he could not but snatch at the hope that the prize his brother was so insanely losing might yet fall to his lot.

Lady Helen made no reply, except by a glance of her eyes and silent bow of her head.

But she moved towards the door, slowly and reluctantly it seemed, followed by her indignant aunt.

On the threshold she turned.

Turned as though to take one last glimpse of the past and the infatuation that had bound her to that being, who seemed scarcely human now in his degradation.

Turned as though to impress the whole scene, in its every trifling detail, upon her memory, and then, with a fixed face and coldly flashing eye, went straight to her own room, where she shut herself in for the night, refusing admittance either to her aunt or maid when they knocked at the door.

It was not a large room that Lady Helen occupied at the rectory.

Indeed, none of the rooms were large, as, I believe, I have previously told you.

But a cheerful fire burned in the grate, for the night was not only bitterly cold, but the

of one who could be so base and mean; and this hushed her sobs and made her try to hide them, just as one might mourn for one who had been but a trouble and disgrace while living.

After a time, her tears ceased to flow; she seemed to rouse herself, and anger and indignation, with some amount of womanly pride, came to usurp the place of grief.

The hours of love are numbered when esteem is gone and contempt for the object of it comes to fill the mind, and show us how utterly despicable the being we considered perfect has become.

And bitterly painful as the lesson was, Lady Helen Beltram learned it fully and perfectly that cold winter's night, learned it in time, too, before the knowledge had power to sap and shatter the foundations of her life.

The scene in the drawing-room was brief enough when the ladies had left.

Fearing there would be a collision if he did not at once interfere, John Gresham took his brother by the arm, and tried to persuade him to leave the room and the house quietly.

But like most drunken men, the young spinner was obstinate.

"I won't go. Where is my Nell? I want my Nell," he repeated, pulling his arm rather roughly away from his brother's grasp.

"You have frightened and shocked Lady Helen," said John, earnestly. "Pray come away now, without a scene, or she will never forgive you."

"Confound her forgiveness! what do I care? I know a lass as will take the shine out o' her any day. But come along, lad; I hate that sneaking, snivelling parson; he ain't got no more spirit in him than there is in my old shoe. I'd like to give him a thrashing if it weren't mean to take advantage of such a poor thing."

And he looked defiantly at the clergyman, who could with difficulty be restrained by John Gresham from avenging the insult offered to himself and sister upon the spot.

"Come along, Frank; mother will be expecting us," he continued, once more taking his brother by the arm, and this time succeeded in leading him from the room.

But having got Frank out into the hall, John stepped back into the drawing-room for a moment, to say good-night to his host, and mutter some hurried words of

apology for his brother's conduct, with the promise of coming up to see Beltram again the next day.

It was not a pleasant or an easy task to take a drunken man home on a wild, snowy, wintry night, and when, too, a cab could not be obtained at any price the moment it was wanted.

This John Gresham found, and his patience had completely given way before he had succeeded in dragging his brother more than half the distance which lay between Rosendale Rectory and Bankside.

Neither did it seem as though Frank Gresham, in the drunken condition in which he was, had any thought or intention of going back to his mother's house that night.

Indeed, so positive was he upon the point, that no sooner had they reached one of the principal streets in the town, where the Black Dragon hotel reared its head, than the young mill owner freed himself from his brother's arm, and despite the persuasion and entreaties of his companion, went into the inn, declaring his intention of not going home, but of making "a night of it."

Knowing from past experience how useless it was to attempt to influence his brother, and feeling no anxiety on his behalf, the young iron-master accepted circumstances as they were, and having commended Frank to the care of a waiter, went home, being careful not to alarm his mother by even hinting at his brother's condition or disgrace.

Left to himself, the elder Gresham threw himself on a couch which happened to be in the room they had first entered, and was soon in a heavy sleep, the effect of the quantity of wine and spirits he had imbibed.

It was ten o'clock when Frank Gresham startled the inmates of the rectory by staggering into their drawing-room in a state of intoxication, and it was only a little past eleven when he woke from his drunken slumber and stared wonderingly around.

His half hour's sleep, however, had sobered him, and when he sat upright and tried to collect his thoughts, the whole of what he had lost, accompanied, however, by a singular sense of freedom, came upon him.



"SILENT WAS THE GRIEF OF THE EARL'S DAUGHTER."

too long and silently, however, to yield weakly to its weight and pressure now, and with an effort he conquered himself, crushed down the rebellious feelings that were gaining power over him, and tried to console the woman who thus clung to him.

The noisy entrance awoke Miss Stanhope, and she sat up in her chair, rubbing her eyes, and asking in a hurried, bewildered manner—

"Yes, yes; what—what is it?"

"I want my Nell," blurted out the young man. "I'm late, but better late than never. Where is she?"

Miss Stanhope was thoroughly awake by this time, and she rose to her feet with more than her usual dignity.

"What is the meaning of this?" she demanded, in her loftiest and most imperious manner.

The question and look which accompanied it, almost sobered the young mill owner for a moment.

He looked around with that idiotic, aimless manner peculiar to drunkards.

But the effort at being sober was too much for his besotted brain, and he relapsed into a meaningless laugh, which was, however, brought to an untimely end as his dull senses comprehended that Sidney Beltram stood pale, indignant, and in a very unclerical attitude before him.

Indeed, all that was pugnacious and excitable in the clergyman's nature was aroused by the insult offered to his aunt and sister by the presence of this drunken sot.

"Want a fight?" asked the spinner, in an altered tone, for he was in a humor that would be either spoony or quarrelsome, as the circumstance or occasion might permit. "Oh, aye, I've game," he continued, trying to pull off his coat, preparatory to having a round or two with the man he knew to be his enemy.

Sweet as the sensation was for John Gresham to support the form of the trembling, shrinking girl, he felt that he must forego it and interfere, before interference was too late.

"Let me beg of you and your aunt to leave the room," he said, in a hurried whisper. "Directly you have done so I will get my brother away, but pray do not blame me for his conduct."

snow was falling fast and heavily, and outside the house the atmosphere was as different as it well could be to this cosy chamber.

Even with the weight of her misery and pain upon her, Lady Helen was dimly conscious of this, and she seated herself near the fire, the ruddy light falling upon her fair, pale, patrician face, somewhat worn, and bearing an expression of sadness of late, and yet pure and very lovely still.

The light fell, too, on her ivory like throat and chest, for the purple velvet dress she wore was cut square, relieved with rich soft lace, and revealing part of the splendid figure it outlined.

Yet her beauty, her high lineage, and aristocratic name had all been powerless to save her from the same pain and torture which had racked the heart of the meanest mill girl that worked in that black, smoky town; and the tears now coursed down her cheeks, slowly and silently, as she wept, not over her broken idol, but over her misplaced and lost love.

It is a sad thing for the delusions, airy dreams, and fairy castles which we form of life to fade and dwindle away from us by one, even while our life is young within us.

How many of us, did we but yield to the desire in the whirlwind of time which hurries us on from stage to stage in life's brief journey, but might sit down and weep our hearts out over our lost and broken idols?

Unconsciously we make unto ourselves idols, bow down and worship them, to grasp them the more firmly, to be without doubt as to their presence, lo! they fade away, and vanish like the merest mist and shadow.

Imaginary as these troubles may seem to some minds, they are none the less real, or less acutely painful, and Lady Helen Beltram sat on that dark December night, mourning, as one mourns for the dead, over the ashes of her first love.

Very silent was the grief of the earl's daughter, though it was not the less deep or real on that account; but there was the consciousness of shame, almost of degradation, in her mind at having given her heart to or thought so highly



"Tisn't a thing to be proud of," he muttered, with something of a hang-dog air, as he recalled the scene he had occasioned, the flight of the ladies from the drawing-room, and his own expulsion, one might almost call it, from the rectory.

"Of course she'll never speak to me again," he went on, somewhat ruefully, "and I s'pose Jack will get her after all, unless she thinks she'd had enough of us Greshams. But it's no use crying over spilt milk; it's gone, and there's an end on't, and I can fool that pretty Florry into the notion I'm going to marry her. Ah! ah! my lady, you've helped me there with your grand airs, at least."

And he rose to his feet and shook himself like a great shaggy dog, and feeling, it must be confessed, nothing the better for his drunken bout; for, if the truth be told, he had not been properly sober since the previous night, when, after leaving Moll's cottage, he had tried to drown his vexation and disappointment in such a variety of liquors as would have upset the strongest head that ever applied itself to such a foolish test.

He was recovering himself now, however—getting up the steam, one would think, for a fresh outburst of dissipation.

Looking at his watch, he found it was half-past eleven.

Then he paused, muttering—

"There's that ball at the music hall to-night. I sent Moll and Florry tickets on Saturday; wonder if they'll go. Moll will be pretty sure to be there; and if Flo isn't I can but go to the cottage and try my luck again. The hour's late, but so much the better. I'll look into the ball first, and take a turn with some o' the lasses."

And thus talking to himself, he rang the bell, summoned the waiter, and, to that young man's astonishment, desired to be conducted to a room, not where he could go to bed, but where he could wash and dress for a ball.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE OPERATIVES' BALL.

Are you fond of dancing?

With some people it is a passion, and with those who delight in the amusement, it matters little who their partners may be, provided only they keep time and go lightly on the elastic toe.

And a dance, after all, is very much the same whether it takes place in a royal palace, in the presence and by the guests of royalty, or in a very dilapidated schoolroom, little better than a barn, with the company composed of mill girls, factory operatives, and mechanics.

The step is the same, the delight and excitement the same—nay, having seen and tried both places, I am inclined to think the hard workers in the race of life have the best of it.

True, there is not the same magnificence or state.

The walls of the ballroom are very apt, as in the present case, to be of plain, uncompromising whitewash, instead of mirrors in mouldings of white and gold, while a plain gas pipe, without even a globe to subdue or shade the light, has to do the duty which a few hundred wax candles in chandeliers, which look as though they were masses of cut diamonds, perform only the more gracefully.

In one case, too, the floor is polished till it is slippery and shines like glass, while in the other it is so roughly uneven that really good dancing is impossible upon it.

But what matter?

The company are not critical, and the mill operatives have a style of dancing which, though it might not satisfy a Parisian teacher of the art, pleases them, and has the advantage of not requiring too smooth a floor to practise upon.

It was rather a grand ball of its kind which was given this evening by some friendly society, the tickets for admission costing the enormous sum of half a crown each; and the young cotton spinner hearing of it, and having a shrewd guess that Moll liked excitement and gaiety, had sent a couple of tickets to her for herself and friend.

Now Moll had many friends—she was too good-hearted and generous not to be popular in her own immediate circle—but she knew very well who the friend her master wished to see was, and, though somewhat reluctantly, felt in duty bound to offer her the option of going.

To her great delight, however, Florence thanked her, but declined, urging first that she did not care about such amusement, and in the second place, that she had nothing to wear, and therefore could not go even if she wished.

On the latter objection Moll magnanimously offered the use of her own wardrobe, but as this was not very extensive, with the exception of the blue satin, which she would herself wear, she was not taken at her word, and the second ticket remained at her own disposal.

This being the case, William Bolton was naturally the person to whom she desired to offer it, and the tea drinking at his mother's house on the Sunday afforded the opportunity, which she quickly availed herself of.

Somewhat to her surprise, and much to her chagrin, Willie declared that he didn't care about dancing, and thought he would have to work overtime on the following day, and if this were the case, said it would be impossible for him to go.

A reply which took away all the pleasure from the anticipated ball in Moll's mind, and made her fancy for five minutes that she would rather stay away than go herself.

Indeed, William Bolton's attentions and manner to the fair and buxom Moll were not at all what she expected, or, indeed, what he intended them to have been.

In fact, he was both bored and ill at ease, and not having received a polite education or training, was not quite as well able to bide, if not to overcome, his feelings as many a man of the world would have done.

Sad as it is to relate, since Florence Carr's addition to Moll's household, William Bolton's visits had been more regular, and his general attentions more marked, but his wandering eyes would compare the pale, sad face, with its strange, wonderful beauty, to Moll's rosy, full, almost moon-shaped countenance, never, it must be admitted, to the advantage of the latter.

Having, however, started, before the girl's advent among them, as Moll's sweetheart, though a somewhat indifferent and very irregular one, it was more than difficult to transfer himself as readily as his fickle fancy; more especially as Moll's feelings were evidently interested in the matter, and Florence was so coldly and even politely indifferent, that the young man found himself in what some people would call a "hobble," or, as our American cousins might term it, "a considerable fix."

Florence Carr knew the fitter's secret almost as soon as he knew it himself.

It had been her misfortune from her very childhood, to win the hearts of men.

I said win, but the word does not describe the Circe-like influence which, without action, will, or volition of her own, she exercised upon those who yielded to the fascination of looking upon her and listening to her voice.

Not that what she said was either very brilliant or very clever, but there was a kind of subtle charm or magnetism about her that few men—aye, and even some women—could resist.

She knew this—knew, and exulted in it sometimes, but there were moments in her life in which she cursed the fatal charm, for it was fatal, fatal even to herself, for love had no flowery treasures to lay at her feet in which the deadly asp did not lie coiled.

More than once have I hinted that she was not a good woman, and that some of her deeds, if revealed, would have made those who admired and worshipped her shrink from herside with positive loathing and horror; and yet she was not so bad or so ungrateful as to wish to rob Moll of the man to whom the girl had given her heart.

You may say there was not much virtue in this piece of self-denial.

Granted, that to a high-minded, honorable, and virtuous woman, there would have been no other course open, even, had she been weak enough to love the recreant; but Florence Carr was not of this stamp, and her coldness to Moll's lover was the greatest tribute to Moll's affection and real goodness that she was capable of paying, far more indeed than she had ever accorded to one of her own sex in her life before.

Hence William Bolton did not find the road to Hymen either smooth or easy to pass over, and this was the cause of the fitful heat and coldness which puzzled poor Moll, and of which she was the sufferer.

Thus matters stood on the Sunday, the events of which, as far as they concerned those we are interested in, I have recorded.

Bolton never asked Moll to go out without her companion, but as Moll accepted, and Florence invariably declined, it was obviously impossible, or at least next to it, for him to make love to the girl staying at home when he was at the time out beating about the other.

William Bolton, however, could stand this no longer, would stand it no longer, he told himself, and he determined to take advantage of this ball, and gain something like a few minutes' private conversation with the girl who so persistently avoided him.

Consequently, while he told Moll he did not think it would be possible for him to go with her, he said he would try to come into the ballroom later in the evening, and bring her home.

But he insisted that she should give her extra ticket to, and go with some female friend, adding that he would pay for himself when he came.

As half a crown was a trifle out of his pocket, Moll had no hesitation in obeying, so she and Lizzie Sayers, a hat maker and particular friend, was spoken to, and even on such short notice, delighted to go; and here they were, dressed in their very best, and dancing away with an energy which did not for a moment seem to flag.

It must have been closed upon twelve o'clock when Frank Gresham sauntered into the ballroom.

The excitement and dancing were at their height, and would evidently last so an hour or two more without doubt.

Indeed, those who had to go to work early, had no intention of trying to sleep, but would go home, change their clothes, and be off to work with as little delay as possible.

There must have been some two or three hundred persons present, for the hall was large and well filled; and dancing, from want of space, though not quite so bad as a fashionable assembly in the London season, was, to say the least, difficult.

In looking at the company, the disproportionate difference in the appearance of the men in comparison with the women could not but strike you.

As a rule, the women were young, plump, rosy, and, in a few instances, more than good-looking, even handsome.

One could scarcely call their dresses elegant; there were too many varieties of color and shade for that, but they were handsome, and sometimes even costly in their fabrics.

Moll, for instance, had her blue satin with a low body on, but she had spoilt it by hanging a lot of yellow beads around her neck, and wearing some large red, white and yellow roses in her hair.

Her companion's dress, however, completely eclipsed Moll's in point of color.

It was of pink, I should rather say, rose-color satin.

Silk or *moire* would not have been glaring enough, and it was trimmed, you will scarcely believe it, I fear, with some bright, vivid green plush and silver lace.

The lace, I should observe, had been picked up at some second-hand shop by its present owner, and was considered by her to take the shine out of any other costume present at the ball.

If you had no prejudice in favor of color, you would consider the women at this ball well-dressed; so were the men, too, for that matter, but not the most skilled or cunning tailor in the world could have hid their trade or avocation, and passed them off as gentlemen.

Not for want of good looks or mere animal beauty either, for most of the men present were young, many of them very good-looking.

But it is a peculiarity of the sexes which I do not for a moment imagine that I have been the first to notice, that while you cannot, by dressing him, make an uneducated man or youth look like a gentleman, you can very easily make his sister, ignorant as himself, look like a lady.

True, to accomplish this, you must make her close her lips and keep her gloves on. Once let her speak or unglove her hands, and the deception is evident in one moment.

Something of this entered Frank Gresham's mind, as he pushed his way through the crowd in the ball-room, and he looked about anxiously and critically for a few seconds, wondering how the girl whose image he could not drive from his mind would look, and yet half hoping she would not be there; for he, like Moll, felt that she must have been brought up in a widely different sphere.

He reaches the top of the room at last, and looks about vainly for the object of his search.

At length his eyes catch a glimpse of Moll, and when the dance then being played is over, makes his way towards her.

"Hope you are enjoying yourself, Moll," he said slightly.

"Aye, thank'ee, sir. I be mortal fond o' dancin'," was the reply.

"Is your friend Florence here?"

"Noa, she did na care to come."

"Well, I won't keep you. I see you have plenty of partners. I have some friends at the other end of the room. Good night."

He did not remain with friends in any part of the room, however, but as soon as he could, without attracting attention, made his way to the entrance, and from thence into the street.

"It's of no use going at this time of night, I expect," he said to himself as he walked along, "but I can look at the house. If there's a light in the front room, I'll knock, and if there isn't, the walk won't do me any harm. I'm not sorry for this night's work; it's freed me, and I feel my own master again."

So thinking, he walked on at a rapid pace, and was soon in the lane leading to Gretty's cottages.

"What a fool I am, coming here when everybody is in bed," he muttered, and he paused, irresolute as to whether he should go on, or retrace his steps.

How little could he dream that life, aye, and more than a life hung on his hesitation or decision.

"I will go on," he muttered, vexed almost with himself for his folly; "what's the use of coming so far to turn back now?"

So he went on, and was soon standing before the cottage door.

There was a light in the room.

The inmate, or inmates, had evidently not gone to bed, and he crept noiselessly up to the little wooden gate.

It was open, therefore he need make no sound in approaching the door.

He can see nothing, but he listens.

There is a sound of voices; a man and a woman are talking.

But the woman's voice is firm, clear, decided, almost hard, it would seem, while the man's is earnest and pleading.

The conversation seems to come to a conclusion; there is a movement towards the door, and the listener crouches down in the shade.

Only just in time, however, for the door opens, a man emerges, and immediately the door is closed behind him, locked and bolted.

Strange as it may seem, a sudden fury for a moment impelled Gresham to spring upon the man whom he instinctively felt to be his rival, and little did William Bolton dream at that moment how near death had been to him.

Perhaps it would have been as well for him at least, to have died then.

(To be continued.)

A MAINE man has succeeded in making a very fair artificial oyster out of flour paste, tapioca, salt and water. The inventor places these in second-hand oyster-shells, which are carefully glued around the edges, and when a half intoxicated customer calls for "a dozen raw on the half-shell," he gets them fresh from the shop.

## TWO SONNETS.

BY MAX.

I.

I turn from all the world to think of thee,  
As I beheld thee on a summer's day,  
When thy brown eyes were pleased to look on me,  
And I beguiled thee in the woods to stray;  
How fair earth seemed upon that peerless noon,  
And sweet the winds that woo'd the languid flowers;  
Delicious music thrill'd the heart of June,  
And drench'd in splendor hung the leafy bowers;  
How green the grass waved on the broad smooth wold,  
Where shy meek daisies peer'd with faces white;  
How grand the hills were bathed in sundown gold,  
And sweet the music up the faint blue height:  
But fairest of all these thyself, dear child,  
When thro' the dreamy woods I thee beguiled.

II.

I turn from all the world to taste once more  
Love's precious wine, that sparkling to the brim,  
Thy little hands did in the goblet pour,  
And made my brain with perfect rapture swim;  
Then thy dear face, so meek, upturned to mine,  
A world of beauty in the rare glad eyes;  
While I looked down with yearning heart on thine,  
As we two walked beneath the sunset skies:  
A tiny brook sang in the dusky wood,  
Thy voice blent with the cadence of its song,  
As whispering low beside the stile we stood,  
Before we went the homeward fields along.  
O darling mine, I feel nor sin nor pain,  
When I recall that perfect day again.

## AUNT DUNK.

A STORY IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

BY L. K. KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN.

(Concluded.)

From that day my fate was decided. I had to study the books before named, with others which came from London. I was also required to learn and recite a great deal by heart; and Mr. Williamson himself brought the speech which I was expected to deliver. I went through it all in dogged despair, hardly believing in the possibility of a threatened trial. And yet ever before my eyes floated the awful vision of a vast room, a glare of light, a sea of upturned faces, all watching, waiting, listening for me, Jane Pellam, to speak. Occasionally I had wild fits of crying, but my usual state was one of incredulous despair. Mr. Williamson's visits were what I most loathed. His general appearance was repulsive; his hair long and untidy, and his hands so guiltless of soap that I recoiled with horror when aunt Dunk requested him to place me in a proper attitude for speaking. I had to stand on an ottoman and declaim before him and aunt Dunk, while they criticised my performance. My one hope was that he would pronounce me utterly incompetent, and to this day I believe that he would have done so, but for aunt Dunk's determination and her hare-shooting. One dreadful evening she actually insisted upon having in the servants, while I stood upon a sideboard and recited my speech. Crampton strove to encourage me by bowing repeatedly and very low whenever I looked at him, while Crow wept behind her pocket-handkerchief. I survived the ordeal.

Meantime I saw a good deal of the brothers; for though Henry's dread of aunt Dunk always caused him to avoid her, and though, as she herself informed me, my ugly face had cured Charles of the trick of dropping in at all hours, I met them constantly in my walks. It was my one pleasure. Henry adopted me at once as sister and friend, showed me the photograph of the girl he was to marry, and ere long confided to me his troubles about his brother, who, from being the best companion in the world, had grown silent and morose, and was always running up to London for the night. It was true; even I could see that he was not the same Charles who had excited my envy on the night of my arrival at Dunk Marsh. He would walk with us for an hour at a time without speaking; and when the subject turned on Mr. Williamson and my training, he invariably quitted us abruptly. "He is awfully worried about you, Miss Pellam. He thinks it is all his fault," said Henry. I was of the same opinion; and moreover, I feared he was increasing the evil. Though his desultory calls had ceased, "Mr. Charles wishes to see you, ma'am," was a message to which my aunt was called upon to respond more than once; and after these conferences there was a sensible increase of energy on her part with regard to my speech; from which I inferred that he was still trying to persuade her to give up the idea. I wished he would talk to me about it, and not to her. But with me he never alluded to it, though his manner was almost deprecating. This silence heightened the interest of our intercourse, and my heart beat fast on the days when I saw his tall dark figure advancing



under the shadow of the fir-trees in the wood-walk; faster than it beat when Henry's form met my eye instead.

It was within three or four days of the meeting. Aunt Dunk was gone to Crippleton, and I was walking up and down the wood-walk with my hated speech in my hand, when Charles Treyhen stood before me. He had been away, and we had not met for some days.

"Miss Pellam," said he, with such a smile on his face as I had never seen before, "it is all right; I have good news for you. You will not have to speak. It is all at an end."

The relief was so intense that I burst into tears.

"Am I fated to annoy you?" said he, sadly. "Annoy me! I am only too happy, too grateful. But aunt Dunk?"

"Aunt Dunk must not know. I was resolved you should never be subjected to such an insult. I have moved heaven and earth to get some one to take your place, and I have secured the services of a lady accustomed to public speaking. But aunt Dunk must not be told; she would only be the more resolved to persevere. Up to the last you must submit. Only on the very day, about an hour before you ought to be setting out, a messenger from Mr. Williamson will announce the arrival of this lady, and her intention of speaking. Even if aunt Dunk persists in coming on, I shall be there, Miss Pellam, and I give you my word that you will not be so much as asked to put your foot upon the platform."

I could not thank him: I had no voice. But I held out my hand with brimming eyes, and he did not give it back to me at once. For a moment there was silence, and then he was on the point of speaking again, when "Jane, Jane, where are you?" resounded through the air in aunt Dunk's harsh tones. I fled, and Charles Treyhen vanished as suddenly as he had appeared.

I saw him no more before the eventful day, but my speech often faded from my mind as I sat musing over that last interview in the wood-walk, feeling again the grasp of his hand, and wondering what he was about to say when aunt Dunk interrupted us.

The day came. In spite of his assurance it was impossible not to feel nervous, as the hours dragged their weary length along. If I could but see him for one moment, to hear again that solemn promise of protection! But it rained steadily all day, and aunt Dunk would not hear of my going out. We were to dine at five and start at six, for the lecture was to commence at seven. How eagerly I watched the door all dinner-time, as I vainly attempted to swallow a morsel! Crampton was constantly coming in and out with the same expression of stolid indifference on his face. There was no note, no message. Could he fail me at the last? I grew giddy at the thought; but I recalled his eager words, his manner, and my doubts were lulled. Only lulled; for when we went into the drawing-room it wanted but ten minutes of six, and still there was no letter. How I longed to arrest the course of those pitiless hands advancing so rapidly towards the fatal hour! I would have walked about the room to quiet my impatience, but my limbs seemed weighted with lead, and I could only sit and shiver, and watch aunt Dunk at her merciless netting, until roused by the sound of the carriage wheels on the gravel. "He has forgotten me," said Reason; but my heart answered "Impossible." As I followed aunt Dunk to the carriage, Crow touched my shoulder.

"Here, my dear; a bit of a note." It was my first letter from Charles Treyhen. "Do not be frightened. Miss C—— is detained at ——— till the last train. I am off to meet her. We shall be in time; but delay as much as you can."

Delay! I to delay aunt Dunk! How could it be done? I lingered in the hall; I dropped my glove; but aunt Dunk called angrily, and, sick at heart, cold and trembling, I rushed to join her. That drive! Shall I ever forget it? Surely aunt Dunk must have heard the beating of my heart! I looked at the people going home from their work, and I envied them, wondering vaguely if they would rescue me if I called to them. I looked at aunt Dunk's comely face, and I wondered how it would look if I died at her feet. And then I went off into wondering still more vaguely why she left that bit of gray hair above her black front, and in my mind I kept on trying to close the space, until we drove into Crippleton. It all seemed unreal; and when the carriage stopped at the Townhall, I felt that it was all happening to somebody else and not to me. I stumbled up the narrow staircase after aunt Dunk, and into the small retiring-room set apart for performers. Mr. Williamson was waiting for us. We were late, and the audience was impatient; we could plainly hear them thumping and hissing. He only stopped to show us where to stand so as to hear the words he had to utter before I made my appearance, and then he went on. Without regarding aunt Dunk's commands, I dragged myself to a window, and looked up and down the street. It was my last hope. A clergyman walked past. I tried to open the window, to scream to him for help, but I had no voice. Aunt Dunk dragged me back.

"Child, child, they are waiting for you. Hark! they are applauding."

The horrid sound fell on my ears. I dropped on my knees, I clasped her arm, I implored her pity. My voice came back, but it was hoarse and grating. Aunt Dunk looked alarmed. Even her florid cheeks grew a shade paler as Mr. Williamson appeared.

"Quick, quick! Is she ready? The audience is impatient."

"Jane, I insist. Don't be a fool."

Then hope died. I knew he had forgotten me. With a sudden calmness, which surprised myself as much as my tormentors, I rose, walking steadily forward as if in a dream. I was through the doorway and on the platform before Mr. Williamson could overtake me. The dreaded moment had arrived. The glare of light surrounded me; the sea of upturned faces was before me, all eyes were fixed upon me; there was a burst of welcome, and then a sudden hush. They were waiting for me to speak; waiting for the speech which the fir-trees in the wood-walk and the poplars in the water-meadows had heard so often; and my mind was a blank save for the one thought, the one recollection—Charles Treyhen had forgotten me. Mr. Williamson seized my hand to lead me to the front; with a rapid gesture I snatched it away, and turning suddenly, caught sight of Charles Treyhen himself, as, with a face of agony, he fought his way towards me through the crowd. For one second I stood motionless; then darting forward with a scream which echoed through the room, I fell forward into his arms, as he sprang upon the platform just in time to catch me.

"My darling, my poor darling!"

It was whispered in my ear, and then I heard no more—I was unconscious. I was afterwards told, that aunt Dunk herself supplied my place in an impromptu speech of great originality and energy, and that the roars of laughter and applause which she called forth did not please her half as much as the hisses elicited by the discovery that she had forced me to appear against my will.

### CHAPTER III.

#### AUNT DUNK ON AGUE.

For many days life was a blank to me. I was taken back to Dunk Marsh that night, because the doctor who was immediately summoned declared that it would be at the risk of my life. Aunt Dunk knew better, and she took me back to delirium and Crow. When the former left me, I was weak as a baby; and the latter informed me that my fatal speech had been constantly upon my lips; that Mr. Treyhen and Mr. Charles called several times a day to ask after me; and that aunt Dunk persisted in asserting that I was suffering from a slight cold in the head. I began to mend, and from that day, all danger being over, aunt Dunk expressed the greatest anxiety on my behalf; assuring me that my state was most critical, nearly worrying me out of my life with suggestions and remedies, and trying to make me do everything the doctor had forbidden.

My illness was by my aunt pronounced in succession to be nervous, typhus, scarlet, and brain fever, treated accordingly. The rights of woman were neglected for the study of medicine; the right of being quiet in illness was more especially overlooked. Unfortunately, aunt Dunk adopted the theory that like cures like, and when she decided that my malady was nervous, she administered a succession of shocks calculated to try the nerves of the most robust. She would dart at me suddenly after a profound silence, pluck away a pillow, startle me out of a quiet sleep, let a tray fall, or slam a door. The effect was such, that in two days she was able triumphantly to assert that "the fever was on the move. It had changed its character to brain. No sign could be more favorable." She now prescribed a ceaseless course of Whately's Logic, and with that soothing work resting under my feeble hand, and Crow by my side, I was left alone for hours. The régime suited me; and aunt Dunk, more than ever satisfied with her treatment, dismissed the doctor.

At last I was able to come down-stairs, and in time I crept out in the sun. I was taking my second walk with still tottering steps, when Henry and Charles Treyhen approached. Aunt Dunk, who stumped beside me with terrible energy, called out, "She's not so well to-day, boys; weaker by ever so much than she was yesterday. I dare, I shouldn't wonder if she slept through ——— dangers after all."

My cheeks and eyes gave the lie to her words, and Charles answered with something of his old manner: "I am delighted to hear it; we were really anxious, as long as you assured us Miss Pellam was improving daily, and that nothing ailed her but a slight cold in the head."

And then aunt Dunk did the very last thing she would have done, had she entertained the slightest suspicion of the state of affairs. She desired Charles to give me his arm.

"She is to take fourteen turns in the sun, and I'm going to take Henry to see my pigs; they are the finest fellows I've seen for a long time."

She marched off with Henry, saying, "Nothing is so bracing for you boys as to do what you don't like. You'd go forty miles round to avoid me any day, and Charles hates nothing more than dancing attendance on a silly girl without an idea in her head; wonder what they'll find to stay."

We heard every word, and it was impossible not to smile.

My hand was resting on Charles Treyhen's arm, and before we had taken two turns out of the fourteen, he had asked me if it might not stay there for life. What foolish things people do say sometimes, to be sure! but it did as well as anything else. I understood him perfectly well, and I think he understood me too, though I said something still more odd, and apparently senseless.

"Wait till I get to the bench, please," was all I could say; and he did wait. And then he said a great deal that I cannot repeat; but I was very happy, although tears were raining through my thin fingers. He got hold of my hand at last, and asked me if I would answer him one word. I did manage to look up then, and to say, "If I were aunt Dunk, I suppose I should say, 'Decidedly not, Mr. Treyhen.'" He was quiet satisfied, and we sat there till aunt Dunk's voice was heard in the distance. It was a fortunate thing for me that her voice always preceded her. I do not think she had been gone long, but we had had time to determine that she must not be told of our engagement until I was strong enough to bear the extra persecution which she would have every right to inflict.

Whether it was from sitting on that bench, I know not, but the next morning Crow had to inform aunt Dunk that I was shivering in the first stage of ague. Aunt Dunk immediately denied the possibility, on the ground that there had never been a case in the house, although the district was an aguish one. After which she arose and came to look at me. There could be no doubt. My teeth were chattering till the very bed shook. With her accustomed promptitude of action, aunt Dunk seized me by the shoulders and shook me violently. Crow cried out for mercy, and I—fainted away.

Aunt Dunk eyed me complacently. "Ha, I thought that would stop it; like cures like, never fails."

Crow could hardly conceal her indignation, but my aunt walked cheerfully away, putting her head in at the door again to say, "Call me at once, Crow, if the fit returns. I've long wanted a case of ague under my own eye."

As soon as she could leave me, Crow sought her firm ally Crampton, and the result of their deliberations was, that the latter marched off to the rectory and dispatched Charles Treyhen to the manor-house. He found my aunt up to her elbows in books of medicine.

"She's got it, Charles—she's got the ague. Never was anything more fortunate. It's a clear case. Just what I've been wanting. I know exactly how to treat it."

"Of course, it is so common about here. It would be absurd to have a doctor for such a trifle."

"I don't see anything absurd in having a doctor if you are ill. It is the proper thing to do."

"Not for mere ague."

"Mere ague, as you are pleased to call it, is the most dangerous thing you can have. It leads to many fatal diseases."

"You don't really mean that, aunt Dunk?" said Charles in real alarm.

"Don't I? What should you know about ague, I should like to know? Why, I had it before you were born, and shall have it again after you are dead, as likely as not. It always leaves a weakness in the constitution and generally a tendency to decline, or paralysis, or lumbago. I don't half like the girl's looks, and I've half a mind to have Dr. Belton take a look at her."

A little more discussion, and Dr. Belton was sent for. Apparently he understood the case, for though declining to blame the shaking, he considered that the one already given was sufficient. He did not wish it repeated, and my aunt, satisfied with what she called his approval, allowed me to take his prescriptions. The ague was obstinate. Although the attacks were less violent each time, they still returned, and change of air was pronounced indispensable. Dr. Belton was wise enough to desire Crow to inform my aunt of his opinion, which she did, with comments of her own upon the needlessness of such a step. The result took us all by surprise.

That evening, Henry and Charles Treyhen having walked up after dinner, aunt Dunk stood for some time netting vigorously in perfect silence. We felt that something was impending. It came at last.

"Now my mind's made up. The girl must be doing something. Ay, you all thought I'd forgotten about her profession, I'll be bound. But I've not. She's not the stuff for a lecturer. But work she must for her daily bread." Charles and I exchanged glances of amusement. "I've long thought a lady courier might make a good living. I shall shut up this house, and take you to travel, Jane. We'll go to Bolong, and if we like that, and you get on as should be, we'll go on to Rome and Jerusalem. That's settled and done."

Nobody spoke. Henry was smothering his laughter, and Charles his indignation. Aunt Dunk went on netting and talking vehemently for the rest of the evening. She had arranged it all, and there was no appeal.

After this I was most anxious to tell her of our engagement, but Henry strongly advised us to wait, and even Anne, to whom I had written at once, offered the same advice. Scarlet fever at home made it impossible for her to receive me, and I had nowhere else to go, should aunt Dunk turn me out, as was very likely to be the case. I did not like the concealment. It seemed like treachery to be living at her expense, and keeping her in ignorance of my prospects. But I was overruled and the preparations for our journey continued.

The house was entirely dismantled, the pictures taken down, the carpets rolled up. Aunt Dunk, who for upwards of thirty years had never passed a night away from the manor-house, announced an intended absence of years; which made us all hopeful that a month would find her at home again. She made her will, let the ground up to the hall-door, and her only remaining difficulty was how to dispose of the family plate and diamonds. She was advised

to leave the former in Crampton's charge, and to deposit the latter at her banker's. She accordingly left the plate at the bank, and decided upon taking her diamonds with her.

"Henry, I want a pair of your boots; the shabbiest and thickest you've got," said she one evening.

Henry could only assent, but Charles dared to ask the reason why.

"For my diamonds, of course; I shall stow them away inside. Nobody would dream of stealing old boots. I shall leave them about in perfect safety, whereas no lock and key will keep out thieves. The boots will make people think we've got a man with us too; and now I think of it, you may send up an old shooting suit as well, Henry. I'll have it about the room where we stop, and it will keep those rascally Frenchmen from robbing us. They are born thieves, I'll be bound."

The next preparation was still more eccentric. In contemplation of the possibility of war breaking out before our return, I was desired to cut out and prepare a quantity of plain work, to be done in the French prison, where we should probably pass some years. I was also to learn by heart several pieces of music, though why it was to be supposed that we should be allowed a piano, and deprived of music to play, I could not understand. Finally, large stores of groceries from Crippleton were packed to accompany us, aunt Dunk declining to believe that tea and coffee were known in France.

Our party consisted of aunt Dunk, Crow and myself; Crampton was left to kill and eat the hares. We travelled only to Folkestone the first day, and we were to have slept at the Pavilion. But matters turned out differently.

As soon as we arrived, aunt Dunk walked briskly out into the town, and edified the men idling about near the harbor by darting among them, and asking what was the chief article of commerce in the town, and for what it was principally remarkable. They stared, grinned, and were so long in answering, that my aunt walked on rapidly, remarking, "A parcel of stupid Frenchmen, every man Jack of them!"

We joined the *table-d'hôte* that evening; but aunt Dunk could find nothing to her taste, and complained loudly enough to attract general attention.

"I declare I believe it's frogs already, Jane. One expects it the other side of the water, but I did hope for a joint here, I must say."

Presently she electrified me by calling a waiter and desiring him to send her maid out to buy a chop.

"Mrs. Dunk's maid—Mrs. Dunk of Dunk Marsh—and tell her to cook them, as she knows how, over my bedroom fire, and to bring them here at once. I don't care to go upstairs, for I want my niece to see the world."

The waiter bowed; I colored crimson, and lost all appetite; the company kindly pretended not to hear. But the mutton-chops came not. Aunt Dunk grew angry, and repeated the order in a voice which suspended all other conversation.

The *maitre d'hôtel* now himself appeared. He was extremely sorry the lady was not satisfied. Would it not be better to order something in her own apartment?

"Why, bless your heart, man, what does it matter to you where I eat? I have ordered my maid to cook a chop upstairs and bring it here."

"So I understand, madam; but it is against the rules to allow cooking in the bedrooms. In a house like this it would never do."

"Why, is not this an hotel?"

"Certainly, madam."

"And do you mean to say we are not to do as we like in the rooms we pay for? Suppose I choose to fry onions in my room; I'd like to know what you'd do to stop it."

The man glanced appealingly at the company. "I should respectfully request you to leave off."

"Then I should fry them all the faster."

There was a roar of laughter at these words; for it is needless to remark that, during this colloquy, every head had been turned one way, all eyes fixed upon us. I was ready to sink to the earth, and was unable to refrain from whispered entreaties that my aunt would be silent.

"What are you pulling at my gown for, child? Can't you let me alone? D'y'e suppose I don't know what I'm about?" said she, suddenly turning upon me.

Unable to endure more, I fled precipitately, and sought our own apartments in tears. She followed me ere long, fuming with rage.

"I never was so insulted, Jane; I'll not break bread in the house. We'll go by the night boat."

I begged for a cup of tea, for I had eaten nothing. Permission was granted, on condition that Crow made it herself from our Crippleton stores. The expression of the waiter's face, when he found us in the very act of unpacking and making the tea, was one of unmitigated contempt; and as I did not feel sure that we were not rendering ourselves amenable to the laws of the land, I was relieved at finding no opposition offered to us.

It was a sad beginning. I sipped my tea, with difficulty repressing my tears, and aunt Dunk walked up and down the room in a state of intense irritability with everything and everybody, feeling the want of her dinner and of her netting. Suddenly a woman's voice under the window began to sing "Willy, we have missed you."

"O that dreadful woman! why must she come qualling here? I wish she was Willy, and altogether missing under the waves," exclaimed aunt Dunk; and ringing the bell violently, she ordered the waiter to send that woman away, and to tell her she would not



have her prowling about the house at that time of night.

"Yes, ma'am; certainly, ma'am. But I'm afraid I can't send her off, ma'am. The young gentlemen next door, No. 42, they are paying of her, and calling for another song."

"My compliments to the gentlemen—Mrs. Dunk of Dunk Marsh's compliments—and I can't let that noise go on."

"Yes, ma'am; certainly, ma'am." And from the roars of laughter next door, I imagine that the message was delivered. The singing, however, continued.

"This is unbearable," said aunt Dunk. "I've often heard English travellers called bears, but I could not have believed they would be as bad as this. I must put a stop to it at once." And she again pulled the bell.

The waiter reappeared.

"Did you deliver my message to those gentlemen?" demanded my aunt sternly.

"Yes, ma'am; certainly, ma'am."

"And what did they say? Now speak the truth, mind."

"They didn't make no particular answer, ma'am."

"I don't believe it. Who are they? what are they?"

"Well, ma'am, they is two young gents from London, ma'am; quite young."

"I didn't ask where they came from; I want to know their names."

"Names, ma'am? Yes, ma'am; certainly, ma'am. I'll inquire."

"Bless the man, what is he talking about! D'ye think I'm a fool? D'ye mean to try and make me believe you don't know the names of the people that come to this house?"

"Well, ma'am, they comes and goes so fast that we often does not hear their names. But these is quite young gents, ma'am; quite young. Not a day over sixteen, I should say, either of them."

"Boys," exclaimed my aunt, in supreme contempt, "mere boys, and no one to look after them, of course. I'll soon give them a piece of my mind. Here, waiter, open the door and announce me—Mrs. Dunk, of Dunk Marsh. That screeching is not to be borne."

My entreaties were disregarded, and she marched off, preceded by the waiter, who, throwing open the door, announced her name and title in tones rendered indistinct by smothered laughter. I caught sight of two young men at an open window. They started up as my aunt appeared—astonishment plainly written on their faces.

"I've come to tell you you ought to be ashamed of yourselves," began aunt Dunk at once. "A couple of lads like you keeping that poor creature out in the cold, disturbing the whole house, and annoying the neighborhood with her screeching and squalling. If you don't stop it at once, I'll complain to the authorities."

"Pray do not trouble yourself, madam," said the younger of the two; "we will have her in at once, since that is your wish."

"My wish! how dare you say such a thing! You know perfectly well I only want her to go home, and you two to go off to bed. Why, you ought both to have been in bed and asleep an hour ago. A couple of lads like you; I wonder you are let to go about alone."

"You are too kind, madam. We want words to express our gratitude."

Through the open door I could plainly see their faces, the expression of which alarmed me. Astonishment was fast giving place to a keen appreciation of the fun, nor did the fact escape me of their being some years older than the waiter, for reasons best known to himself, had represented them. In an agony of fear I could no longer refrain from a whisper, intended for her ear alone. "Aunt Dunk, aunt Dunk, O please come back!" It was overheard.

"Aunt Dunk!" exclaimed one of the young men. "Surely this is not my dearest, my most revered aunt Dunk! Do I indeed address her? This is an unlooked-for happiness."

"The boat will be off in twenty minutes, ma'am. There is no time to lose."

Never was news more welcome.

"Tell the captain to wait for me—not to start till Mrs. Dunk, of Dunk Marsh, is on board, waiter," said my aunt, making for our rooms, and utterly disregarding the speeches with which her new acquaintance continued to address her.

All was now bustle and confusion, and my relief was great. It was of short duration. We were hardly seated in the boat before the young men walked up to us.

"Dear aunt, I hope I see you comfortable."

"I'm no aunt of yours, thank goodness." Aside: "Wonder if I am, by the bye. He might be one of the Dunks of Slowney or the Hapons of Cave, for aught I know."

"No aunt of mine! Have you forgotten the incidents of my interesting childhood?—how you dandled me in your arms, taught my young ideas how to shoot, and otherwise worried my young life?"

"You are all wrong. If you'd said your name was Dunk or Hapon I might have believed you, but I never dandled so much as a cat, or taught any one but Jane here. You are an impudent boy, and if you don't make off, I'll call the captain."

It was unnecessary. A more peremptory commander called for his attention, and for the rest of the voyage we were safe from annoyance from him. He could not boast the same with regard to aunt Dunk. She watched him attentively as he retired with vacillating steps. She never took her eyes off him for full three minutes after he had stretched himself upon a bench, and then,

darting towards him, she exclaimed in a voice above winds and waves, "The boy's sick, I do declare. Decided case; the very thing I wanted under my own eye."

And under her own eye she kept him during the whole voyage, treating him according to a theory of her own, which consisted in keeping feet and legs warm, and raising them considerably above the level of the head. Boxes and bags, &c., she piled over and under him. He resisted at first, and even attempted to call a sailor to the rescue; but the man had heard him address her a few minutes before, and really imagining that he was her nephew, only laughed and passed on. My own state soon precluded me from watching them; but whenever I could look round, the same spectacle met my eye— aunt Dunk keeping a strict watch, heaping more and more heavy weights upon his legs, forcibly holding down his head with a heavy hand, and pouring brandy down his throat. Occasionally he made frantic efforts to free himself from the double danger of choking and of being smothered, and she afterwards remarked to me that she was lucky in meeting such a case; it must have been an exceptional one, as she had never read of convulsions in sea-sickness.

When we arrived at Boulogne, the friend came forward, and laughingly thanking aunt Dunk for her kindness, led off the unhappy victim more dead than alive, and presenting a most deplorable aspect.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### AUNT DUNK ABROAD.

I do not know how we got to the hotel, or to bed, for aunt Dunk's French comprised some half-dozen words, and my own had breathed no air but that of our schoolroom. I know that next day we found we had taken rooms and ordered breakfast for a party of twelve instead of two, and that we had to pay for the mistake.

Aunt Dunk was much surprised to find that both tea and coffee were known commodities, and that our stores, for which she had had to pay largely at the *douane*, were not regarded more favourably at the French hotel than at the Pavilion. Having some idea of going on to make a long stay in Rome, she thought it best to husband the groceries, and to put up with the national fare at present. Of course neither tea nor coffee could be as good as what we had brought from Crippleton.

After some sleep, we rose, breakfasted, and sallied forth for a walk, aunt Dunk, Crow and myself; and not knowing where to go, we soon lost ourselves in a nest of most unpleasant streets. The first woman we met gave us a cheerful "*Bon jour*," which my aunt returned somewhat doubtfully, and then shading her eyes with her hand, turned to look after her.

"Dear me, I ought to know that woman, I suppose, but her face seems strange to me. Very odd."

We met another and another, and all greeted us in the same manner. A sudden thought struck aunt Dunk. "Why, they must be Crippleton girls, married and settled here. They know me of course by sight, though I don't know them. Very odd if I find a Crippleton colony out here, Jane." But as the greetings continued, she grew puzzled. "I can't have forgotten so many faces, Jane, and they wouldn't all remember me. I can't make it out at all."

I suggested that civility might be the custom of the country.

"Nonsense, child! Do you suppose they'd be fools enough to go curtsying to all strangers, and in a seaport town too, where strangers are as plentiful as pins? I know what it is. It's the name. Your uncle's ancestors came from Holland, and I daresay some popped over here. Dunk is a name well enough known over the sea. Depend upon it they've seen it on our boxes, or maybe it's in the paper already."

For a person given to theories, to using long words and discoursing upon woman's rights, aunt Dunk was singularly simple-minded, and I was in a state of constant surprise at her naïve views of our surroundings. It was necessary to bear in mind how many years she had passed at Dunk Marsh.

In the afternoon she elected to go for a drive, and as the waiter spoke English, we were able to make known to the driver the first place we wished to visit—a chemist's shop. We did not get out. A man came to the door, and my aunt gave him a prescription to be made up. He retreated, and we sat still, expecting the carriage to go on. In vain.

"Tell him to go on," said aunt Dunk; and Crow, putting her head out of the window, gave the order in excellent English. In vain. Aunt Dunk herself now made the attempt. She thrust her head out of the right-hand window, and ejaculated in a loud voice, "*Coehon, vont!*" In vain. The coachman sat doggedly still, either, enjoying the joke or not recognising as his own the somewhat peculiar appellation. Aunt Dunk now tried the other window, with another loud "*Vont, Coehon!*" Still in vain; and we might have passed hours in this unpleasant position, had not our friends of the Pavilion suddenly appeared on the scene.

"Aunt Dunk in difficulties!" exclaimed my aunt's *et-devant* victim, darting forward. "Can I in gratitude be of any service to the best of relatives?"

"So you are out again," said aunt Dunk, eyeing him professionally. "How d'ye feel? Any pains about you? System shaken?"

"Fearfully, aunt, fearfully. I doubt if I shall

ever entirely recover from the effects of that voyage."

"Ay, ay, you were pretty bad. I don't know what you would have done without me. What you want now is a tonic. Come up to me at ten to-morrow and I'll give you one."

At that precise moment our eccentric driver took it into his head to start off at a rapid trot, probably urged thereto by a vigorous poke from the umbrella of the worthy Crow, whose horror of our new acquaintance was unbounded. Aunt Dunk had only time to shout out the name of her hotel.

The next day was Sunday, and at an early hour aunt Dunk, dressed in her best, was seated at the window, ready to make her observations on men and things, and guarded on each side by her Bible and a book of sermons. Presently a rumbling sound was heard. "Why, I declare, here's a carriage coming wickedly along on a Sunday. I do believe these French have no consciences whatever."

A card was put into her hands: Mr. Brett and Mr. Liddess wished to have the honor of waiting on her. I believe aunt Dunk thought it was the mayor and corporation with an address, in compliment to the well-known name of Dunk; for her countenance fell when the young men of the Pavilion entered.

"O, it's only you, is it? Come for your medicine, I suppose? Jane, fetch the stuff."

It was an embarrassing reception, and I was glad to see that the young men so felt it, for they advanced considerably abashed. The scene was less favorable to impudence than either the street, the steamboat, or their own apartment at the Pavilion, and they evidently felt the influence of aunt Dunk's manner and Sunday attire. I now perceived that my aunt's victim was much younger than the other; in fact, probably numbering few years more than had been awarded to him by the English waiter. Their rank of life I imagine to have been that of the upper class of tradespeople. I considered that we were fortunate; matters might have been worse.

They came to propose to my aunt to take a drive, and I felt that we had no right to be surprised, after the manner in which she had treated them. Moreover, the proposal was made with due deference, and was evidently the result of a determined resolution on the part of the younger, whose improved behavior and constant reference to his friend plainly showed that he had been receiving a lecture.

It was a lottery how the idea of a drive in such company would be received. Had I possessed more command of countenance, it is probable the dignity of Mrs. Dunk of Dunk Marsh would have been insulted. But my dislike was too plainly visible, and although she declined to drive on a Sunday, and severely lectured them upon the sinfulness of such a course, she graciously consented to allow them to accompany us the next day. After they were gone, I was foolish enough to remonstrate. I ventured to ask if she thought it quite wise to make the acquaintance of two men of whom we knew positively nothing, excepting that they, or at least one of them, had treated her with considerable insolence. This was quite enough to confirm her in her resolution.

"What are you afraid of, child? They are the civillest lads I ever met; I know what I am about, I can tell you. You don't suppose they are coming after you, eh? You may be easy on that score. If you had a hair's breadth of good looks about you, I'd take care how I took up with any one. But you are as ugly as Crow, and nobody ever looks at you twice. What fools girls are, to be sure!"

As usual, I was obliged to submit, and we started for the dreaded drive. Certainly, no fault beyond a certain degree of vulgarity could now be found with the young men. Mr. Brett, my aunt's *et-devant* victim, devoted himself to her, evidently appreciating her peculiarities to the utmost; Mr. Liddess hardly spoke at all. Still it was a relief to hear that they were starting for Rome the next day.

"Rome!" said my aunt. "Why, what business can you have there? Idling away your time, I'll be bound."

On the contrary, they meant to work very hard: they were artists.

"Artists!" exclaimed aunt Dunk, in profound disgust. "Well, I did think better of you than that. That's always an excuse, for doing nothing. Don't tell me; I know all about it. Boy sketches grandfather's nose when he ought to be doing his lessons: wonderful talent! Boy grows up; sees a rabbit sitting; sketches him when he ought to be working for his bread; painter passes by; collars him; drags him off to London; other painters set at him; make him do it again; give him coats and boots if he's poor, orders for theatre if he isn't. Boy takes to daubing and to evil courses, dabbling away his best years among dirty colors with a nasty smell; doing no good to any one. Pshaw!"

The young men laughed and protested.

"Here is a living contradiction to your assertions," said Mr. Brett. "Liddess has maintained his mother and sister for some years."

"Then his father ought to be ashamed of himself for allowing it."

"My father died eight years ago, and my poor mother was quite crushed by his loss. She has never ceased to mourn for him."

"Then she ought to be ashamed of herself. I've no patience with people who go widow-ing for ever. It's no compliment to one's husband, wearing weeds more than a year, for it only looks as if one had forgotten how long it is since he died. I did my duty, and no more, by the late Mr. Dunk. I wore my weeds one

year to the day, and very hot and heavy I found the caps; and then I widowed off in second caps—ribbons and all that; and a great relief I found it, and I'd like to hear Mr. Dunk say that wasn't enough for him or anybody else."

At this moment the carriage dashed forward: there was a crash, a scramble, and we stopped. The pole was broken; it was impossible to go on. There was a consultation. The distance from Boulogne was not great; Mr. Brett proposed to ride one of the horses into the town for help.

"You shall do no such thing," said aunt Dunk. "I'm not going to sit twirling my thumbs in a broken carriage. Jane and I will ride the horses; you can both walk; and the *coehon*, as you call him, can stay with the carriage."

I protested; my aunt insisted. But such was my terror of a horse that, rather than approach anything so terrible, I would have left aunt Dunk then and there, and found my way alone to England. For the first and last time my will prevailed. I believe I was never forgiven.

"Well, if you are a fool, you must be a fool," was the conclusion of the argument; and aunt Dunk turned her attention to mounting her own steed.

Mr. Brett suggested that she should stand upon the carriage-seat, and let him lead the horse alongside.

"D'ye think I can't get up like other people?" retorted my aunt. "I suppose you think I'm too old. You'll just be pleased to put me up."

"Not that side, then, if you please."

"And why not, I should like to know? D'ye think I can't ride either side of a horse like anybody else?"

"But nobody ever does get up on that side."

"Then I'll show them the way."

And with some distant idea of the task before her, aunt Dunk stood poised on one leg, holding out the other foot towards Mr. Brett, who, striving to control his hilarity, attempted to put her up. The first effort resulted in failure. Aunt Dunk made a short appearance in the air, and came down upon Mr. Brett's shoulder.

"You did not jump high enough," and "You are as weak as a baby, and as awkward as an owl," urged each performer to the display of more force. Aunt Dunk now rose high in the air, poised for one second on the animal's back, and then to our extreme horror totally disappeared on the opposite side. Mr. Brett and Mr. Liddess literally sat down in the road, helpless with laughter. I flew to her assistance. For one dreadful moment I believed she was dead, and my exclamation brought the young men to my side. She was partially stunned when they raised her, and we all watched her for some minutes with real anxiety. Her first words were most characteristic.

"Now I shall do it again, and nothing shall stop me," she gasped, and from that moment I felt comparatively easy about her. "If it had been a proper kind of English horse it wouldn't have happened, Jane. These foreign brutes don't know what they are about, and have no idea of carrying a lady. O dear, my head! What are those two young fools laughing at?"—for, relieved of immediate fear, the young men were unable to restrain their laughter. "Did they never see a lady fall off her horse before, I wonder?"

"Off, but not over," said Mr. Brett, striving to command himself.

"But I say off, Mr. Brett, and I am not to be contradicted."

Nobody was in a state to contradict her, even when after a short rest she insisted upon another attempt. I watched her in fear and trembling, for in addition to my terror of the animal, I thought she was more hurt than she would confess. Nor did I feel easier about her when she was at last mounted, and we were able to start. It was evident that the motion was more than she could bear. Every step gave her pain, and before we reached the town she alighted and proceeded on foot, declining, however, all assistance. Her unusual silence increased my anxiety, and I was annoyed when she stopped short at the Rue— and insisted upon dismissing our companions. I hardly thought she would have strength to reach the hotel, but an incident which now occurred proved that I had miscalculated her powers.

As we picked our way one behind the other, my aunt, who was first, almost stumbled over a child of about two years of age, sitting upon a doorstep, and with much satisfaction gnawing a most unpleasant lobster. With her usual decision, aunt Dunk seized the unsavoury morsel between her finger and thumb, and threw it away as far as she could. The baby set up a howl, which brought all the neighbors to their doors in time to see the action. A woman rushed forward and snatched up the child, vociferating eagerly and angrily at my aunt.

"Don't be a fool, woman. The child would have choked in a minute. You ought to be ashamed of yourself for letting her pick up such rubbish," said aunt Dunk, pushing on.

A little crowd collected and followed us, but still aunt Dunk walked on, answering the clamour in excellent English, and apparently much strengthened by the excitement.

Thus accompanied we emerged on the quay, to the astonishment of the well-dressed people who were taking their daily walk. I felt that if our tour were to last much longer, it would go far to shorten my life. The crowd continued to collect and to grow more threatening, and at length one virago went the length of shaking her fist behind aunt Dunk's bonnet. I was trembling in every limb, and though we were within a hundred yards of the hotel, I felt that my limbs would not carry me so far. At that moment, to my unspeakable relief and joy, a



tall dark form emerged from the doorway, and pushing through the crowd, held out his arm just as I was on the point of falling.

"Charles Treyhen!" exclaimed my aunt, standing stock-still, utterly regardless of the gesticulations of the crowd. "What earthly business have you here, I should like to know?"

"The business of rescuing you from this turbulent mob."

"Tut, tut, tut! we want none of your rescuings. As if I cared a snap of the finger for all the hop-o'-my-thumb Frenchmen that ever were born? What a noise they do make to be sure, and what a pack of fools they are! Here, *gettes out vous!*" she continued, once more addressing the mob, and then, as calm as if in her own garden at home, she walked on and entered the hotel.

It was too delightful. Charles was come with every intention of remaining with us, if only aunt Dunk could be induced to consent, and that she must consent we were both fully resolved. He justly considered her a most inefficient guardian, and when he had heard our short but eventful history, he was not at all inclined to alter his opinion.

We had ample time to discuss the matter, for aunt Dunk walked straight to her room, declining my company, and did not reappear for some time. When she returned, her first question was why had Charles come.

"Well, I have got my duty done for a while, and mean to take a rest."

"You don't suppose you are coming on with us, I hope. Men are always in the way."

"So I have heard you say before, aunt Dunk, and it certainly never entered my head that you would ask me to go with you."

"And why not, I should like to know? How do you think the girl looks?" she added, with startling abruptness.

"Well—better, I think, aunt Dunk; certainly better."

"Then she's not better at all, so that's all you know about the matter; she loses strength every hour. Bolong don't agree with her at all."

"You will go on then, I suppose to Paris?"

"Now why should you suppose any such thing? What nonsense you do talk! It's as plain as a pikestaff that the girl must go home. If Bolong don't agree with her, what earthly use is there in taking her to Paris, or Rome, or Jerusalem, eh?"

It was one of those questions to which no answer suggests itself, and we remained silent.

Aunt Dunk continued: "My mind's made up—I'm going to take her home. I mean to give her up altogether; I've done my best for her. I've tried to train her for two professions, and she has failed in both. She's wilful and helpless, and she can't speak a word more French than she did when we left England, and she looks more white and sickly than ever. I've tried abroad, and abroad has failed. She's fit for nothing but to be married, and there's no chance of that, with that face of hers; and if there was, I'm not going to be bothered with it. The sooner she goes back to her sisters, the better."

In this at least we both concurred, though completely taken by surprise at the announcement. Mollified by my immediate submission, she was able to confess that her bones ached very much from her fall; and we rightly judged that she felt really ill enough to wish to be at home again. That she was ill and suffering there could be no doubt; for she allowed Charles to make all arrangements for our departure without opposition, shut herself up in her room during the short remainder of our stay, and when with us hardly spoke at all. Both Crow and I were seriously alarmed; and I believe Crow went the length to tell her that there was not a good doctor to be found in Boulogne, in the hope that aunt Dunk would immediately send for one.

We were once more at Dunk Marsh, our foreign tour having lasted as many days as the number of years my aunt had allotted to it. Aunt Dunk had now no crotchet, no hobby, but the chronic one of giving an animated "No" to all things; and alas, even that "no" had lost much of its animation. I had for long perceived that it had been a comfort to her to lay aside the "Rights of Women." From the day of my failure at the Townhall that subject had barely been mentioned, and the study of medicine had been taken up in a more natural and congenial manner. Long words and complicated sentences were not natural to her, and a return to her usual abrupt style of speech had been a relief to her. But there was now a still more marked change. Her old energy and activity had vanished; she grew more and more silent; she no longer stood up to net; and it was plain that she suffered much. The Treyhens, as well as Crampton and Crow, tried every means to induce her to see a doctor, but in vain; and we were forced to see her fading away before our very eyes, and were powerless to help her.

One day a Mrs. Melton called. The distances from house to house were so great in that neighborhood, that morning visits were almost unknown; but Mrs. Melton had called once before, soon after I came to Dunk Marsh, and on that occasion aunt Dunk had refused to see her, on the ground that she had missed her vocation. "She's a clever woman, Jane, and she's missed the glorious destiny of woman in the nineteenth century, and has been fool enough to marry. She's a mere mother of children—nothing more—more fool she." Now, however, aunt Dunk admitted her at once, and received her with an absence of contempt which was quite touching. Mrs. Melton asked after me, neither she nor aunt Dunk perceiving that I

was sitting in the farthest window. I was on the point of coming forward, when my attention was arrested by the next sentence. "I suppose I may venture to congratulate you on Mr. Treyhen's engagement to Miss Pellam. Such a charming match!"

"My nephew engaged to Jane Pellam! Why, what stuff is the woman talking?" said aunt Dunk, with some of her old fire. "The girl only came because she's too ugly to marry, and as for Henry, such nonsense never entered his brains."

I was thankful that the recollection of Charles did not enter hers. Mrs. Melton apologised, and soon after took her leave. The idea, however, rankled. That evening aunt Dunk regarded me steadily for some time, and then said abruptly,

"You are not fool enough to dream of fancying that Henry's going to marry you?"

I colored crimson, and indignantly repudiated the idea.

"O," said aunt Dunk. After half an hour's silence she added, "That's settled and done." After this, Charles and I agreed that she must no longer be kept in ignorance of our engagement. It was not decided which of us was to tell her, therefore it is not surprising that I should imagine Charles had done so, when she suddenly exclaimed the next day, after one of the long silences now become habitual to her, "Jane, you are a poor creature, and fit for nothing but to be married, so I've made up my mind that you shall marry the boy at once."

The episode of the day before had faded from my mind. I thought only of Charles, and I thanked her with warmth.

She eyed me rather strangely, and as if surprised, and said,

"Well, you are just like the rest of them, in spite of your ugly face. Girls are girls, go where you will. Now mind, I'm not going to be bothered. Neither of you must mention the subject in my hearing. You may be married here if you like, the sooner the better. I shall be glad when you are gone; but I'll have no fuss, no favors, no bridesmaids, no breakfast. Crampton and Crow may settle it all; I won't hear anything about it."

I promised cheerfully, hardly able to believe that the long-dreaded task was over, and that no opposition was to be feared. Charles was away: he had gone to town that morning, intending to be absent a few days. It was provoking. I should have preferred telling the news to writing it, and I rather wondered that he had not already told it to me; for I imagined he must have seen aunt Dunk after parting with me the day before. On consideration I concluded that, as was to be expected, he had nothing to report but vehement opposition, and that aunt Dunk had afterwards changed her mind. It was too late to write that day, and the events of the night rendered it altogether unnecessary. At midnight I was hastily summoned by Crow. Aunt Dunk was alarmingly ill. On our own responsibility we sent for Dr. Belton, and summoned Charles by telegraph. By the time the former arrived, my aunt was sufficiently recovered to refuse to see him, and to enjoy calling us fools for sending for him. She was, however, still very ill when Charles appeared, and my news was hastily communicated, for I could not leave her for long at a time. In a few days she rallied considerably; and although the greatest part of her time was spent in her room, she came down to her meals, which however passed in perfect silence. She seemed unable to bear even the presence of "the boys," and all their attentions were repulsed, though mine were silently accepted. One day she abruptly asked when I was to be married; and on hearing that no time had been fixed, she desired that I would settle it at once. "If I couldn't do it myself, Crampton and Crow might do it for me." I was very reluctant to think of leaving her in her present state, but she insisted, and an early day was fixed for the wedding.

Very lonely I felt in my preparations, and I longed for Anne, but the still lingering fever made the presence of any of my sisters impossible. No one dared to suggest to aunt Dunk that some lady should be asked to lend me her support on the eventful day; and it was only the morning before the wedding that aunt Dunk desired me to write to Mrs. Melton, and request her attendance. "I'm very bad, my dear; I'm going to bed," said my aunt. She had never called me "my dear" before. She looked wretchedly ill, and I felt very anxious about her, as I sat by her side far into the night. The next morning Crow came to me in tears. Aunt Dunk sent me her love—the first and last she ever sent—she had had a bad night, and had rather not see me; but she meant to be down-stairs to receive us when we came from church.

It was a sad wedding; for the crying, which was all done by Crampton and Crow, was more for one lying sick and helpless at home than for the bride; and my own heart was divided, for in her bravely-borne suffering I had learned to love aunt Dunk in spite of her eccentricities. On our return we found her standing at her netting, dressed as usual, and making a feeble effort to work.

Charles led me forward. "Here she is, aunt Dunk; my wife, thanks to you."

The netting dropped from her hands. She gazed at us in utter astonishment. "Your wife! How dare you say so? She's no such thing."

"What on earth do you mean?" Charles spoke fiercely, drawing my hand under his arm.

Aunt Dunk looked from one to another, as if bewildered. "Your wife! your wife! Where's

Henry? O Jane, you wicked girl. I said you were to marry Henry—not Charles. O my heart—"

She staggered to the sofa, and a fearful change passed over her face. She gasped for breath. We gathered round her, and Charles tried to support her, but she pushed him away. Crampton's white face appeared among us.

"Let me send for the doctor, ma'am. Let him come now," said he imploringly, not daring, even at such a moment, to give an order without the consent of his mistress.

"No, no, no," gasped my aunt. "It's no business—of yours; but you've been—a good—good—good—old fool to me."

For a few minutes there was dead silence, broken only by her laboring breath and Crow's subdued sobs. Then suddenly collecting all her strength, aunt Dunk sat bolt upright, and said:

"I'll have nothing to do with it—nothing to do with it; so that's settled and done!" and she fell back—dead.

Thus died aunt Dunk, as she had lived, in direct contradiction to all around her, and at the most inconvenient moment she could have chosen.

For the Favorite.

## Major Barker's Mistake.

BY EMMA NAOMI CRAWFORD,  
OF PETERBORO', ONT.

No, the major ain't what I'd call good company, at least for folks as cares to talk of anything but cemeteries and blighted hearts, and such like, and to hear him repeat that piece to himself—

But go, deceiver, go,  
Some day perhaps thou'll waken,  
From pleasure's dream to know,  
The grief of hearts forsaken!

and ending with such an awful groan, is about the most lowering thing to the spirits as you could think of. Not that he, poor soul! means it to be lowering, but, as he says to me sometimes, "sympathy, ma'am, is the only balm for wounded feelings!" and as a Christian woman as has her boarders to keep up, and not so much as a cent saved after ten years, though goodness knows, if Joshua hadn't been so fond of "getting up behind," as his brother said, for every sneak as asked him—though why up I don't see, as it always ended in the money having to come down—I might have been at this very minute living quiet and respectable, instead of worrying over the way that Jones, the lawyer's clerk, speaks about the coffee which, the best word he has for it, is roasted horse meat and sets everyone at table again the hash, and a more aggravating scamp than that Jones I never glimpsed, pretending to faint if a joints comes on table so much as twice, and using that amount of water for his baths, that it's my belief he means to run the cistern dry, if not the pump.

But I was speaking of the Major, but that Jones puts everything out of my head but himself! I remember a time when the Major was as lively as a cricket (not, I do assure you, that we have any of them nasty beasts in our place) and was quite a gay chap amongst our ladies, "the life of the house," Mrs. Catchem used to call him. He always was most pertikler neat in his dress, and, whatever you might think now to the contrary, collars was an institution, and flowers in the front of his coat quite common. It was a real sight to see him come into the dining-room, with one of the ladies hanging graceful on his arm, and a fine looking man—though some said rather fat—he was, and the parting of his hair straighter than any but a dry-goods clerk's ever was, and then setting the easiest of them chairs—which never was built for lounges, I will allow—for her, and saying to her speculating like, "I wonder what Mrs. Grubb has for us to-day!" though well he knew that from my rules I made it a point never to depart, and that, stare at the tureen as he might, beef soup it held and nothing else. There wasn't a woman in the house that he didn't beau around, giving them flowers, and music, and taking them I do believe to every peep-show that came to the place, and as for carriages—But you want to know what changed him? Well that's soon told, and a queer story it is, and not a word must you so much as breathe, for to say that his temper is catchy and cranky is but a poor word, and he's a good boarder, and no appetite to speak of.

About a year ago there comes to me one day Sally, which reminds me that that girl's impudence is past bearing, and says she,

"There's a young lady as wants to see you, mum, in the parlor."

Down I went, and there sat a young lady with big, sleepy, blue eyes, and shining yellow hair, and dressed to kill.

"Mrs. Grubb?" says she.

"The same," says I, and she come right straight to business. She was a lady of private property, she said, and an orphan, and having no friends, and having heard of my house, she'd like to board with me, and really there seemed no objections; so I took her, and she paid some money in advance, and whatever people might think of it, most uncommon that was.

Well, it didn't need a weasel to see how things was going even that first evening with the Major. He didn't eat hardly a morsel, and though Jones said in a pig's whisper that the mutton was burnt, and advised him to act

bread and pickles at least to ease his friend's minds, and shook his head most mournfully not to say reproachful at me, everybody saw how it was. Things only got worse with him every day, he never took his eyes off her at meals, he left off asking the others to concerts, and drives, and such, and if she couldn't or wouldn't go, he'd stay to home himself, and sit in the parlor a reading of poetry to her, or singing the dimest songs all about breaking hearts, and stars what shines too high to think on, and all them ending and beginning with "ahs!" and "ohs!" which I hate. And so it come about that in a month they was engaged, and jealous enough Jones was about it, not that he'd admit it even to himself, and went round laughing bitterlike, and making believe he didn't care. I never in all my life did see a man so fond of a girl, but then when them elderly chaps falls in love they generally has it pretty hard; and Miss Arlington, that was her name, was handsome enough to turn ever a head like the Major's, which every one thought was seasoned again love, as one might say.

Well, one night, it was pretty late, all the boarders had been to bed hours, and I was coming up the stairs—I'd been down to the basement to look after things for breakfast—when I saw a light shining out from an open door on the lobby, and thinking something was wrong, up I ran very quietly, for list slippers is my only wear, and turning sharp round an angle in the passage, up I bumped again some one, standing in the shadow.

"Goodness!" says I, quite scairt.

"Hush!" says the Major's voice, "don't be alarmed, Mrs. Grubb! Here she comes!"

I looked round, and there going past us quite close, though not seeing us, we being in the shadow, was Miss Arlington, in a long white wrapper that treed on the ground, and her hair all hanging down round her, and carrying in her hands something that glittered as she went into the open door, which was that of her own room. She moved very quietly, and if I didn't know her well, I'd have sworn it was a ghost, for not a sound did she make; but just glode on into her room, with her eyes shining and shut the door as if it was velvet, though a harrowing creak that door had commonly.

"Major," says I, "what does this mean? Is she sick?"

"No," says he, very quietly, "but the fact is she's a sleep-walker; didn't you see her eyes was wide open, and she's been walking that way for the last hour, in and out of the boarders' rooms, sometimes staying quite a while in them. I've been a watching her to see she don't hurt herself as sleep-walkers sometimes does; but I think she's quiet now for to-night, so I'll go back to bed, she wakened me opening my door. Good night, Mrs. Grubb. I hope you ain't frightened!"

Well, you never did see such a queer looking set as they was at breakfast next morning. They all seemed to have lost their appetites, and I disremember ever seeing the hash so untouched as it was then, though never a favorite dish, and so awful did old Mrs. Brown look that I said to her, not seeming to notice that she'd forgot her wig "I hope nothing is wrong, ma'am?"

"Nothing wrong," said she, "my watch has been stole from under my very pillow, and I never even wakened when the gory-handed robber stood beside the bed and took it!"

And then came a perfect yell from them all.

"My purse is stolen too!" said Jones, very red in the face, and I never was gladder in my life than when he said it.

"Mein Gott!" groaned Doctor Schmidt. "I too! Where is mine purse? I do not know!"

"Where's my diamond earrings?" yelled Miss Darte, clutching Miss Holmes by the arm. "You always coveted them! Give them back, you mean thief! No one knew where I kept them but you!"

"Who wants your earrings?" says Miss Holmes, spiteful like. "Every one knows all your things is from the dollar store! I've lost every cent I had!"

And it was so with them all. They all had lost something, and such a row as there was. Some wanted me to search through the girls' trunks, but Sally who was in the room, dared me to do it, and I didn't see why I should. I didn't know what to do; but I happened to look at the Major who'd never said a word all through. Mercy! his face was that white that I got real frightened, and all in a minute I saw it all!

What had Miss Arlington been a-doing in them rooms? What was that I'd seen a-shining in her hand? And why wasn't she there in her place at table? Ah! why?

Well, I knew the reason pretty soon, and so did everyone. There was her room empty, her little black valise gone, and when we opened her trunks, there was nothing but one old cotton wrapper, and a note for the Major, very small, and directed in a pretty little hand. What it was about I never found out, but tale or tidings of that deceitful woman, I, nor any of the rest, ever heard.

They all got over it pretty soon, especial as the Major insisted on paying them all back what she took, even to my spoons which a loss I cannot called them, as they was after all but plated, and some of the women said they forgive her, which I must say I don't believe one word of it.

The Major never was the same since, and I don't think he'll ever get engaged again, as no earthly woman could stand being talked at about burying grounds, and tombs and such, which as I said before, is his only conversation.

But you must never let on I told you this ma'am, for his temper is perfectly gally, and vinegry, as I may say!



## RABBITING.

Rabbits are vermin, we own, from the sylvan and agricultural point of view; nor is it without cause that they are denounced at agricultural dinners and proscribed in leases. You may possibly—possibly, we say—persuade a farmer that the rook is his friend, or prevail on him to withdraw his subscription from the parish sparrow club, although he finds it hard to realize that a, standing for any unknown quality of grubs and insects destroyed, can be greater than a, representing the conspicuous damage done to root crops and grain seeds. But about the rabbit, his tastes and his habits, there can be no mistake. He possesses the ground like dandelion or ragweed, and it is even more difficult to extirpate him. He breeds and multiplies as no other animal except, possibly, the herring or the *pulex orientalis*. He has an unfailing appetite, and is always to be seen satisfying it; even while he pricks his ears to your distant footfall, and sits up to look out for you, he continues nibbling. In spring he is busy among the fresh green stalks of the growing crops; in summer he fattens on the ripening grain; in autumn he ravages the root crops; in winter he is industriously barking the trees, and busy as a beaver among the shoots in the young plantations. His teeth being against the property of every man, every man's hand is turned against him; and if he is hunted, shot, snared, netted and trapped, he leaves behind him a legacy of hatred and bitterness, and stirs up more bad blood than any other brute in the country. Landlord and tenant are always at loggerheads over the damage he has done and the amount of compensation that should be awarded for it. He is continually and most justly abused because the young wood is coming on so poorly, and there is so little to show for the nurseryman's bill. The crofter turned poacher swears it was a rabbit he tripped over first when he precipitated himself headlong on his downward career. Had it not been for them blessed vermin that were always a-chewing of his cabbages and belonging rightly to no one could tell who, he would never have got into trouble for meddling with the squire pheasants. So vermin rabbits are, by consent of the general sentiment as well as by solemn statutory enactment.

Vermin they may be, and yet we should miss them more than many a more respectable animal that glories in the name of game, and is tenderly cherished for the slaughter, and can only be slaughtered by special license. The enjoyment to be got out of every particular sport bears no sort of relation to the dignity of the quarry. For fun, and for excitement too, a good morning's rabbiting may be backed against a ceremonial tiger hunt with elephants and mahouts. In the first place—and it is no light consideration—you have got no sort of *arrière pensée* when you are out rabbiting. You go after the pheasants your keepers have reared with something of the feeling with which you break into a bin of ancient wine that time only can replace. There were just five hundred and thirty of them turned out, we will say. Allowance made for wanderers and promiscuous casualties, that should be the precise number of head in your covers. The pile of blood-stained plumage at the close of a good day represents so much of clear deduction, to say nothing of the wounded and the missing birds that the heavy platoon firing has scared away to your neighbors' woods. Each time you see a pheasant hang his legs and fly off crippled you bemoan him exceedingly, although, perhaps, not from humanitarian motives. Then, if you are a pheasant-fancier, you must keep your covers as quiet as a sick-room or a condemned cell. You must not think of giving the merry-tongued spaniels or beagles a run through them of an autumn's afternoon, or you will scarce have a feather to show your friends in the great days of the battue you have been lying back for. The sport is tame, too, take it as you will. We do not say there is not pretty shooting when scared "rocketers," driven *à bout*, are shooting sharp into the air from the brushwood at the end of the beat. But to say nothing of a half-dozen of your friends blazing away jealously all around you, corners like these are scarce, and brilliant constellations of rocketers expire swiftly in blood and powder, leaving an inextinguishable blank behind them. Contrast your circumstances, if you must content yourself—so people call it—with the chase of the humble rabbit. We imagine your lines to have fallen to you somewhere on the confines of civilization, where crops got home in condition are the exception rather than the rule, where an inclement climate conspires against the agriculturist with the hungry soil, where the tenant is scarcely awakening even yet to a knowledge of his rights, having hitherto been grateful for the most moderate returns, and regarding the rabbit as an inevitable dispensation of Providence. Be it remembered, on the other hand, that his rent was regulated on the conditions in which he had to raise it; that your property yielded you overhead something perhaps like a couple of shillings per acre, and that, consequently, you could kill your rabbits in all comfort of conscience. Your modest mansion stands upon rolling ground, lightly clothed in shreds and patches of pine plantations. The soil is hungry, we said, and it is exceedingly thirsty; although it must be confessed that the clouds and mists send it down drink in abundance. It is sand, in fact, and so the rabbits have found out: ten minutes play with his paws anywhere, and a muscular buck will bury himself well out of sight. Conceive it then to

be honey-combed everywhere with holes and bolting holes; step where you will in your woods, you may feel it vibrate under your shooting boots. These woods are inclosed by turf banks, often faced with a rough masonry of loose-fitting stones, and these banks are so many strongholds, where the feeble but fruitful folk may burrow and breed in all security. As you get farther from the house the fir-trees become thicker but more stunted—you may detect the cause in a certain saltiness and briny freshness in the air. You have only to ascend that ridge in front of you, and you will see the ocean gently washing on the beach that starts the long line of sand-hills. If there are rabbits in abundance in the woods, they absolutely swarm among the sand-hills. What a rabbit will rough it on it is hard to say. He will eat anything to be sure, and as much as you please to leave for him; but then, on the other hand, it seems as if he could thrive equally upon next to nothing at all. Family parties in higher condition than those you break up as you go stumpling about among the sand-heaps it would be difficult to find in the best tended warren in England. Yet the stiff salt bent grass would not seem to be appetizing food, nor can there be much nourishment in those prickly furze bushes they have nibbled into all manner of fantastic shapes. Inland, in the woods, it is another affair altogether. Thence they make sorties, in troops and herds, upon oats that make dogged efforts to ripen and the struggling turnip fields. Reversing the order of things in parishes where tenant farmers are capitalists and eloquently outspoken, here it is not the game that takes tithe of the crops, but the farmer who thanks Providence for the tithes the vermin have left him.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

## PROBLEMS OF CIVILIZATION.

What openings, what careers, does England offer to the man who will hold his wealth as a trust, and work at his trust as a profession? Here is a Whitechapel, a Bethnal Green, a St. George's in the East, lying in shameful misery and squalor, almost in mid-London, preyed on by the owners of the wretched hovels which do duty for houses. Almost every great town has its own squalid and therefore dangerous end; and there are dozens of young men amongst us at this moment, any one of whom might resolve to-morrow, quietly: "This junketing, four-in-hand, dawdling life is too hard for me. By God's help I will rebuild Whitechapel." Half a million of money, ten years' work, with a strong will and a clear head, and it would be done. There are hundreds of miles on our coasts which the bravest sailors pass with anxious brow and compressed lips in bad weather. Another of our *jeunesse dorée* might well say, "This coast, rugged though it be, is not so rugged that it cannot be mastered. If money and persistence can do it, I will make harbors of refuge here, which shall be open in all weathers to the ships of all the world. Mines and mills are fouling and poisoning the streams in many a fair English vale, in which the fathers of this generation caught trout and greyling. "They shall run as pure and bright as ever if I live another ten years," would be a resolve worthy the life of a brave man to accomplish. Such undertakings as these would no doubt tax the will and the brain as severely as the purse. The man who with the money at his command could rebuild Whitechapel, or cleanse the streams of a manufacturing county, must be one of great capacity. But no one has ever denied the possession of ability or energy to our richest class, and there are besides many other more obvious outlets for work of this kind open to less ambitious millionaires. For instance, we read in the papers only the other day that the £180,000, the remains of the Lancashire Relief Fund, is to be applied to the erection of a Convalescent Hospital in that great county. Unless I misread the accounts, it would seem that there is no such institution at present in Lancashire. The one fact speaks volumes of the arrears of work. Convalescent hospitals are rare all over the kingdom, and yet they are precisely a kind of institution to which none of the hack objections apply. To build and endow one of sufficient capacity to receive the convalescent patients of a great hospital would be, one would think, well worth the expenditure of a few years' income, and would not tax too severely the brains of any man. A very moderate amount of common sense and business-like attention to detail would be all that would be required. But whether it be in the ways suggested, or in some other, the thing must be done, unless we would see a dangerous state of things follow these years of prosperity. Respect for vested interests, for the institution of property, is strong amongst us, stronger probably than in any other nation; but there are signs, which we should do well to note, that there are strains which it will not bear. Of these I will only instance one—the aggregation of land in fewer and fewer hands. I believe you have instances of the same kind here in the North as we have in Southern England, of great capitalists—sometimes peers, sometimes new men—who are literally buying all up the land in certain districts which comes into the market. Within my own memory and observation almost all the yeomen, and a large proportion of the smaller squires, in the neighborhood I knew best as a boy, have been bought out in this way. The last time I was there, there were three or four squires' houses uninhabited, and tenant farmers, or bailiffs, or gamekeepers, in the old yeomen's houses. Now, the chief ar-

gument for a landed aristocracy is, that it places a highly cultivated person, a man of fortune and leisure, at the head of each small section of the community, whose own influence and the influence of his family will spread refinement, courtesy, and the highest kind of neighborly feeling into the humblest homes which surround his own. But all this vanishes when one man owns estates in half a dozen counties. If he has houses in each he can't live in them all, any more than he can eat four legs of mutton at once. More probably the houses have been first allowed to fall into decay and then pulled down; so that a great man's ownership is more likely than not, nowadays, to involve the loss of just that element of old-fashioned country life which was most valuable and humanizing. The land with us is so limited in area, so necessary to human life, so much desired, that this kind of monopoly of it, if carried much further, will prove, I am convinced, the most dangerous weakener of the respect for property, and with it of the position of the aristocracy, that has yet made itself felt.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

## SPLENDID POVERTY.

Poverty, ay "splendid" poverty, is by no means exceptional in this highly prosperous country, nor confined to any particular rank in life, and its varieties form a curious but painful study. The variety of its treatment, however, by those most interested—that is, by the poor themselves—is even more instructive. In London alone, a floating mass of over one hundred thousand men, women, and children, of all ages, openly proclaim their impecuniosity, and enjoy the hospitalities, in one form or the other (so dearly prized by our coroner), of their respective workhouses. Of course the provincial guests swell this number by many hundreds of thousands. But when we consider the very many obstinate and incorrigible poor, who, like our needlewoman, steel their hearts against the guardians' flesh-pots, the army grows into a countless host of living skeletons, thinly but decently covered with the skin of society. For dearer than bread or meat (and God knows they are dear enough) are the few "sticks of furniture," the cup of non-eleemosynary tea, the father's Bible, and the mother's china, the social pipe not necessarily confined to Sunday or Christmas-day, and the converse ranging over a wider field than fat of beasts and leanness of men. And yet they are thin enough as they sit there, watering their tea-leaves or their beer, and "making believe" at eating butcher's meat out of the doubtful scraps they have collected; but they cling to the fact that they are still members of the outer world, and to the hope that they may one day take a better place in it. Poor things! they do not often read the papers, and so are not troubled in their minds by crowner's-quest law, and it will concern them still less when "Death, knocking at the door," shall find them "at home," and seated in splendour to receive his morning call. Who shall presume to lift the veil from this or that skeleton, and at once measure the height from which it has fallen, and count the places in which it is broken? This one was rickety from its birth, and owned nothing to its parents but imperfect formation and evil example. It was physically impossible for it to earn money and make tissue; mind and body alike refused to share any responsibility of its future existence with the soul, which had to fight the battle of life alone. And this has been wasted by an accident, or stripped by disease. And this other has had its dainty flesh picked off by misfortune, as it is called, by the fangs of the law, or, "sharper than a serpent's tooth," by those of some relative or friend. There they all hang swinging on society's gibbet, their spare clothing flapping in the wintry wind, offenders against the creed of Mammon, which counts poverty among her least favorite sins. And who can tell, as the air stirs the rags that serve them for clothing, and shows here and there a gaunt bone instead of a well-turned limb, what shame they feel, and how they shrink more and more into themselves to avoid further detection and exposure? If the "pride of life" be a sin, it is, alas, an indispensable condition of humanity, and we should like, in a certain sense, to see the man, above the condition of a street beggar, who would be willing to stand either at the Albert Memorial or at Aldgate pump and make public confession that his purse, or his stomach, is but indifferently filled. He would, to be sure, infallibly be given into custody for begging in a royal park or in a city thoroughfare, as the case may be; but neither this, nor the consciousness that his indirect appeal would be abortive, deters him from taking a course which he avoids because simply it would make him either an object of public sympathy or ridiculous. And much as a man dislikes to be pitied, he shuns ridicule even more, which makes us feel that, after all, there is a ridiculous side to poverty, on which the darning and the patching show more than unsuspected holes. Mr. Scott cheapening a herring in Clare-market before he was called to the bar, and Lord Eldon buying a salmon at Grove's, after he was made Lord Chancellor, are two very different people, although in both cases the immediate object—that of reducing hunger by a fish diet—was the same; for a man does not dine upon a salmon, whatever he may be suspected of doing on a herring. And the inevitable inference in the former case would be fatal to the customer in the eyes of his tradesman, unless he could produce a patent of nobility wherein to wrap up the bloater, and convey it home.—*Tinsley's Magazine*.

## FAMILY MATTERS.

**FOR BURNS.**—For burns or scalds apply immediately a soft linen rag or lint saturated with strong spirits of camphor, and keep it wet for an hour. You will be surprised at the relief it affords.

**COUGH MIXTURE.**—Mix eight teaspoonfuls of treacle, eight ditto of vinegar, two ditto of antimonial wine and four drops of laudanum. Two teaspoonfuls to be taken at night, and one in the morning.

**NOTTINGHAM PUDDING.**—Three large apples, one ounce of sugar, half a pint of batter for pudding. Peel the apples and take out all the core; fill them up with sugar, and place them in a pie-dish. Cover them with a light batter, and bake half an hour.

**FOR A SUDDEN HOARSENESS.**—Take once or twice a day a teaspoonful of nitre in a wine-glass of water. To restore the voice, eat a piece of anchovy, and it will almost instantly restore the just voice to any one who has become hoarse by loud speaking.

**CURE FOR CORNS.**—Rub together in a mortar two ounces of savine leaves, half an ounce of red precipitate, or nitric acid of mercury. Put some of this powder in a linen rag with a few drops of oil, and apply it as small poultice to the corn at bedtime, taking it off in the morning. Do this for a few nights.

**HEAD CHEESE.**—Boil in water somewhat salted the ears, skin, feet and a proportion of the sides of the hog, till the meat drops off or the flesh is quite soft. Take out and chop, not so fine as for sausage; season with pepper, salt, cloves and herbs; mix well together, and put in a pot or vessel with a weight on it. When needed, it can be cut in slices and eaten cold.

**TO PRESERVE THE COLOR OF BONE HANDLES.**—Soak them occasionally in alum water that has been previously boiled. Let them lie for an hour in this alum-water; then take them out and brush them well with a small brush; and afterwards take a clean linen towel and dip it in cold water, squeeze it out, and while wet wrap it round the handles, leaving them to dry gradually—for if dried too fast out of the alum-water they will be injured.

**ORANGE JELLY.**—Peel of two Seville and 10 China oranges, two lemons, the juice of three of each, a quarter of a pound of loaf sugar, a quarter of a pint of water and two ounces of isinglass. Grate the rinds of the oranges and lemons, squeeze the juice of three of each, strain it, add the juice to the sugar and the water, and boil until it almost candies. Have ready a quart of isinglass jelly made with two ounces of isinglass, put it to the syrup, and boil it once up. Strain off the jelly, and let it stand to settle before it is put into the mould.

**SALLY LUNN CAKES.**—One pint of boiling milk, half a tumbler of yeast, sufficient flour to form a stiff batter, two eggs, two ounces of powdered sugar, a quarter of a pound of butter. Put a pint of boiling milk into a pan, and when it has become lukewarm, pour half a tumbler of yeast upon it; stir it well, and add as much flour as will form a stiff batter. Cover the pan with a cloth, and place it before the fire for two hours; beat up the eggs with the powdered sugar. After the dough has stood to rise the time specified, mix the butter with the sugar and eggs; add it to the dough, knead it, and let it remain in the pan for half an hour; then divide it into cakes, put them on a baking-tin, and bake them twenty minutes in a well-heated oven.

## SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

A New brown dye stuff, called Grenade, which is soluble in water, has just been made in Germany.

Two French chemists assert that the higher the atomic weight of a metal the more poisonous generally will it be found.

It has been suggested that the white appearance of the moon's mountains through the telescope may be due to an incrustation of common salt, which so readily crystallises from volcanic lava.

**COAL-CUTTING MACHINE.**—A coal-cutting machine is reported to have been invented, and to be actually at work, with brilliant results. It is said that it can cut in eight hours' time 350 feet of coal, yielding from 70 to 75 tons in weight, which production is stated to represent the work of forty men for the same period. Only three or four men are required to tend the machine, and the calculation is that in time the labor of 300,000 out of the 360,000 men at present employed in coal mines can be dispensed with. Moreover, the waste incidental to hand-cutting, which is estimated at 12 per cent. of the whole product, will be reduced to one-third of the amount by the use of the new machine—an economy of no fewer than 10,000,000 tons of coal every year.

**SELF-WORKING SHIP VENTILATION AND SHIP PUMPING.**—An invention of great advantage to ships has been successfully tried at Plymouth. Foul water and foul air in the lower part of a vessel are both pumped out by the mere rolling of the ship. Two iron cylinders, connected below by a tube, are placed one on each side of the vessel. From each cylinder a pipe descends into the air or water that is to be pumped out, and a similar pipe rises as an outlet above. The cylinders are filled with quicksilver, and, being connected below, as already stated, each roll of



the ship produces an alternate rise and fall of the quicksilver, creating thereby a vacuum, into which the bilge-water rushes and is pumped out at the vent in a continuous stream. The cylinders which expel air are filled with water; but their action is the same as here described.

**AN EXTINCT UNGULATE.**—Recently in his opening lecture, Professor Flower mentioned a new ungulate animal from the Eocene beds of the Rocky Mountain region, which has recently been discovered by Professor Marsh, of Yale College. This animal attained nearly the size of an elephant. It had a largely-developed supra-occipital crest, which projected backwards beyond the condyles. There were ossious cores for three pairs of horns. The posterior horns were attached to the supra-occipital crest, the median arose from the maxillaries, and the anterior from the tips of the nasals. The upper incisors were wanting and the canines were greatly developed. The skull was long and narrow, and there were six small molar and premolar teeth. The extremities were short, but resembled those of the proboscidea. There was no third trochanter of the femur, and no pit for the ligamentum teres. Professor Marsh calls this animal the *Dinoceus mirabilis*. It seems to have had characters allying it with perissodactyles as well as with proboscidea.

**THE MOON.**—If the atmosphere of the moon really exists (says the *Engineer*), its density is less than 2000th part of the density of the earth's atmosphere. Such an atmosphere would be more attenuated than the vacuum which is obtained, under the best conditions, in the most perfect air-pumps. The refraction, or rather non-refraction of stars, is the means by which this determination is obtained. All observations hitherto made tend to prove that water in any form does not exist on the moon's surface. But it has been considered that it was once present there, and indeed traces of aqueous or glacial action are by some considered to be evident. What then has become of the water? Assuming the solid mass of the moon to contract on cooling at the same rate as granite, its refrigeration, through only 180° Fahr., would create cellular space equal to nearly 1½ millions of cubic miles, which would be more than sufficient to engulf the whole of the lunar oceans, supposing them to bear the same proportion to the mass of the moon as our own oceans bear to that of the earth. If this be the present condition of the moon, we can scarcely avoid the conclusion that an ocean can only exist on the surface of a planet as long as the latter retains a high internal temperature.

### GOLDEN GRAINS.

**KINDNESS** is stronger than the sword.

**CHILDREN** are the to-morrow of society.

**THE** man that speaks plain truth is a cleverer fellow than he is generally taken for.

**EVERY** man deems that he has precisely the trials and temptations which are the hardest of all for him to bear; but they are so because they are the very ones he needs.

**A LOVING HEART** and pleasant countenance are commodities which a man should never fail to take home with him. They will best season his food and soften his pillow.

**FALSE HAPPINESS** renders men stern and proud, and that happiness is never communicated. True happiness renders them kind and sensible, and that happiness is always shared.

**MARRIAGE** is altogether too momentous a matter to be decided upon precipitately. Better never marry than to marry a person with whom it is not morally certain that you can live happily.

**A BEAUTIFUL form** is better than a beautiful face. A beautiful behavior is better than a beautiful form. It is more to be admired than the beauties of nature or of painting. It is the finest of the fine arts.

How often a sound night's sleep changes our feelings towards those who differ from us. And how cautious, after this experience, should we be in our hasty, ill-digested denunciations of the conduct and opinions of others!

If a seaman should turn back every time he encounters a head wind, he would never make a voyage. So he who permits himself to be baffled by adverse circumstances will never make headway in the voyage of life.

**A GOOD WIFE**, a true woman, is a real heroine. She puts her own grievances out of sight, to drive away, with pleasant smiles the clouds that gather around her husband's gloomy brow; she pours oil on the troubled waters of her own soul, that she may soothe his sorrow.

**"I RESPECT,"** says Goethe, "the man who knows distinctly what he wishes. The greater part of all the mischief of the world comes from the fact that men do not sufficiently understand their own aims. They have undertaken to build a tower, and spend no more labor on the foundation than would be necessary to erect a hut."

**SMILES.**—What sunshine is to flowers, smiles are to humanity. They are but trifles, to be sure, but, scattered along life's pathway, the good they do is inconceivable. A smile accompanied by a kind word has often been known to reclaim a poor outcast and change the whole career of a human life. Of all life's blessings none are cheaper or more easily dispensed than

smiles. Let us not, then, be too chary of them, but scatter them as we go, for life is too short to be frowned away.

**SOWING WILD OATS.**—Of many a young man to-day whose life is irregular, if not flagrantly criminal, fond friends are saying, "Oh, he is only sowing his wild oats." Sowing his wild oats, indeed, but not in the sense intended, not in the sense of burying them, but sowing them as the terrible seed of a more terrible harvest. It is false, parents, that such a youth has rich promise in it. It is false, young man, that you can transgress great moral laws and form vicious habits, and on arriving at manhood cast them off as easily as you can change your dress. The law is that you will reap in manhood what you sow in youth; that and not something else.

**RETIRED FROM BUSINESS.**—Says Dio Lewis, retiring from business, common and popular as it is, is a great humbug. No man should retire from business until he retires to his grave. When his faculties become slow and dull from age, he should reduce the number of hours in his daily work—reduce them just as his strength declines; but in no case should he change his occupation or drop it unless disease actually compels him. He may purchase an estate in the country, to which he retires at an early hour in the afternoon, and he may postpone his morning arrival till two or three hours after the younger people have begun, but he must not quit or make a radical change. We know of nothing more sure to lead to dyspepsia, insanity and suicide than *retiring from business*.

### MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

**WEDDING-CARDS** are now made very long and narrow.

**THE** discovery of another Swedish nightingale is announced.

**A WOMAN** in Iowa is clamorous to be made State Treasurer.

**THERE** is a town named Embarrass in Wisconsin, and just now it is more than usually embarrassed by the destruction of its school house by fire.

**AN** extensive reading of newspapers seems to show that the word *lose* is more often misspelled than any other. The typos insist upon doubling the o.

**PRINCE FREDERICK CHARLES** of Prussia has commenced a tour of inspection through the newly acquired provinces of Germany. He goes to Metz in the first instance, and after inspecting this fortress and those adjacent, will proceed to Strasburg.

**A LETTER** from Zanzibar, dated February 12, states that Sir Bartle Frere's mission to the Sultan has failed. The Sultan refuses to make any concessions beyond those contained in the treaty of 1845, and is said to have sent to the British Envoy a reply which "rendered further negotiation with him not only useless but also derogatory." The correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* attributes the Sultan's obstinacy to the influence of the French consul.

**AMUSEMENT.**—Here is a new way of spending the long winter evenings, when home amusement of some kind is in demand. After you've all read the paper and are tired of talking seriously, try "blowing cotton" for a little fun. Let as many as may sit around a table, with hands folded and arms extended along the edge of the table, each person touching elbows with his neighbor on each side of him, take a small piece of common cotton batting picked up to be as light and airy as possible. Put this in the centre of the table. Let some one count one, two, three, and then let each one blow his best to keep the cotton away from himself and drive it upon some one else. The person upon whom it alights must pay a forfeit. No one must take up his arms to escape the cotton. When it alights, take it up and start anew. It will be a very sober set indeed who can play two or three rounds without indulging in uproarious laughter.

### HINTS TO FARMERS.

**SWINE.**—If you have a good breed of pigs, take good care of them; feed the young growing stock all they will eat—corn-meal, bran, mangels, small potatoes, and milk. Nothing comes amiss. Vary the food. Keep the pens clean, dry, warm, and comfortable. If you have not a good breed, now is the time to order a pair or two of spring pigs from some responsible breeder.

**SHEEP.**—Damp, dirty yards and sheds are an abomination to sheep. During dry, warm days the sheep will do better on a dry, old pasture than in the yards, but during storms they must be provided with shelter from the rain. Feed all the hay the sheep will eat up clean. If the sheep have had grain during the winter, continue to feed it moderately. It will enable the ewes to give more and richer milk. Let them have access to fresh water, and give salt daily.

**THE VALUE OF ARTIFICIAL MANURES.**—The chemistry of agriculture has some curious inconsistencies, which are rather hard to explain. For instance, it is well known that superphosphate of lime and bonedust are valuable applications to turnips, and yet this crop contains but a small proportion of phosphoric acid, while wheat, of which the grain is rich in this substance, often receives no apparent benefit

from a dressing of these manures. So that, after all, it is not probable the chemist will soon be able to write a code of laws for our guidance in farm operations, and yet we cannot afford to ignore his services altogether.

**CHANDLER'S SCRAPS FOR FOWLS.**—The cheapest and handiest substitute for insects which can be provided as poultry feed, is scrap-cake from the candle factories. Butcher's waste, such as calves plucks and the like, procured fresh, costs more, because it contains so much water. But scraps are very dry and concentrated. Generally they are so thoroughly pressed that not enough fat remains to be at all objectionable. Animal food of some sort or other is indispensable if fowls are to be kept in perfect thrift, and chandler's scraps not only furnish the needed supply, but are also cheaper than grain. One pound of scraps cost as much as two of grain it is true, but it contains more available nutriment than three pounds of the latter. Analysis gives a much less value to meat as an article of food compared with grain, than is proved by actual practice. In the case of the diet of either men or the lower animals, it is not so much what the food contains as what may be readily digested and assimilated, that determines its value. The best way to prepare scrap-cake is to chop it with a hatchet or cleaver in pieces of the size of a walnut, and soak in water for twenty-four hours, after which mince fine using a large wooden box instead of a chopping-bowl, and a sharp spade in place of a knife. Meal, bran, and mashed potatoes being added, the mass will contain the three essentials, meat, grain, and fresh vegetables.

### HUMOROUS SCRAPS.

**A TABLE OF INTEREST.**—The dinner-table.

**NEARLY** all women like soldiers, and some like a *offer*, sir.

**MACBETH** to BAD MOCK TURTLE—"Unreal mockery, hence!"

If a flute could speak, it would probably say, "Well, I'm blowed."

**AN EARLY SPRING.**—Jumping out of bed at five o'clock in the morning.

**MILITARY INTELLIGENCE.**—An army does not always fly when it extends its wings.

**A HATTER** advertises that "Watt's on the Mind" is of great importance, but what's on the head is of greater.

**A QUEER TALE.**—If man is descended from the monkey, the descent must be, as the lawyers say, "in tale."

**WHAT** is the difference between a sailor and a beer-drinker?—One puts his sail up, and the other puts his ale down.

**WHY** did not George Washington's sister go with him to cut the cherry tree? Because she had not got her little hat yet.

**PROGRESS.**—A female student of medicine, out West, wrote home to her friends for twenty dollars, "to buy a man to cut up."

**SOLDIERS** are generally rather tired on the 1st of April. Perhaps it is because they have just had a March of thirty-one days.

**A STONINGTON** girl recently contracted neuralgia by sleeping with her hands in a stocking of mush to whiten them. The mush froze.

**SAID** a man who tumbled out of a third-story window, "When I first fell I was confused; but when I struck the pavement I knew where I was."

**ARE** blacksmiths who make a living by forging, or carpenters who do a little counter-fitting any worse than men who sell iron and steel for a living?

**QUESTION AND ANSWER.**—When Shakespeare wrote about patience on a monument, did he refer to doctors' patients? No. How do you know he didn't? Because you always find them under a monument.

**A CONTEMPORARY** remarks that an old gentleman's "head is covered with the snows of seventy-four winters." He must have a remarkably large head if the snow of one such winter as this last one won't cover it.

**A YOUNG** lady at Troy, while engaged in conversation with a gentleman a few days since, spoke of having resided in St. Louis. "Was St. Louis your native place?" inquired the gentleman. "Well, yes, part of the time," responded the lady.

**A MACON,** Georgia, mule made a decided hit in the production of "The Cataract of the Ganges" on the local stage there recently. The "hit" was made with the mule's dexter hind hoof on one of the star performers, resulting in a total eclipse.

**SURGICAL EXAMINATION.**—At an examination of the College of Surgeons a candidate was asked by Abernethy, "What would you do if a man were blown up with powder?"—"Wait until he came down," he coolly replied.—"True," replied Abernethy. "And suppose I should kick you for such an impertinent reply, what muscles should I put in motion?"—"The flexors and extensors of my arm, for I should knock you down immediately." The candidate received his diploma.

**THE** New York practice of using a reflector and throwing a ray of rose-colored light upon the bride's cheek as she passes up the aisle of the church was sought to be introduced in San Francisco, but the man managing the reflector was a little nervous, and directed the rays upon

the nose of the bridegroom, and the consequence was that those who assembled to witness the marriage, and were not in the secret, thought the bride was throwing herself away on a magnificent rum-blossomed nose.

**NAUGHTY GIRL.**—A traveller was recently taken ill at Brighton, and, though the doctor saw no cause for alarm, the patient got low-spirited, thought he was going to die, and requested the doctor to break the news to a girl in London, whom he loved dearer than life. He must do it gently, for she was a tender flower, and might fade under the shock. Tenderly the doctor wrote, and this was the response from the loving girl:—"Dr. D—, I care nothing for that Mr. B—, nor to hear from him. You will please tell him to send me no more word.—Rosy R—, P. S.—Kill him."

**NATURAL HISTORY.**—A simple fellow says:—Once I visited a show in Georgia. It was a moral animal show. I heard a fellow shouting.

Says he, "Here's your celebrated tropical American animal that feeds on ants."

Says I, "Eats nothing but ants, does he?"

Says he, "Sir, he is the most interesting animal in the show. Observe his bushy tail and his long face, with a tongue into it formed for nothing but catching ants."

Says I, "He is interesting, so he is. But I can tell you an animal that would be just two times as interesting, if you could only procure one."

Says he, "Sir, what animal, what animal would be more interesting than the great tropical American ant-eater?"

Says I, "A mother-in-law-eater would knock spots out of your old ant-eater."

I guess he had a mother-in-law, for he embraced me and gave me two tickets to go in to see the moral wax works, made of wax.

### OUR PUZZLER.

#### 53. CHARADES.

1. My first is always in luck; my second, reversed, is not; my whole is a manufacturing town.

2. If you are in debt, beware of my first; if you keep a horse you use my second; if you are a "man of straw," you should visit my whole.

CARACTACUS.

#### 54. SQUARE WORDS.

1. A dreadful yet stirring sight; does nothing from morning to night; proceeds from a very strong light; grows wild on many a height; when long is a woman's right.

2. An imprisoned statesman; to rise up; a country residence; a term for a small island; a number of resting-places.

3. An island in the Mediterranean; two rivers in France; a capital of a division of Italy; an open space.

4. A continent; an Asiatic island; a man's name; signifies anger; reduced white lead; surname.

#### 55. ENGLISH TOWNS.

1. My first, transposed, a motion of terror; my second, part of a river.

2. My first a color, my second to scorch.

3. My first, reversed, is a burden; my second, reversed, an insect.

4. My first, transposed, is to string; my second, a beverage.

5. My first is a scar; my second, reversed, a foreign land.

6. My first, curtailed and transposed, is an animal; my second a mineral.

7. My first is disgraceful; my second imposture.

8. My first, curtailed, is to putrefy; my second a town of England.

9. My first, transposed, we are governed by; my second, transposed, is a liquor; my third is good to eat.

10. My first is to sprinkle; my second, a pronoun; my third, a preposition.

11. My first is an exclamation; my second, the point of an epigram; my third, a cavern.

12. My first is common; my second, reversed, a preposition; my third, a border.

13. My first is luminous; my second, reversed, a foreign river.

14. My first is to omit; my second a weight.

15. My first is luminous; my second, reversed, a color; my third a region.

JOHN SANDS.

#### 56. TITLES OF PLAYS.

1. Fifteenth decree, read on. 2. I can clasp O, I refrain. 3. Hark but this. 4. Ah, no, don't, rude Ned, push'd us on. 5. Sect, bah, insect, horror. 6. We fly a world. 7. Bond, wry knave. 8. I club to favor duty. 9. Melt say a fifth. 10. Oh, Count Gab-mouth and I. 11. I've resign'd Moss. 12. On photo Co's requests.

#### ANSWERS.

49. DECAPITATION.—1. Knight, night, night-gin. 2. Ranger, anger, nag. 3. Halbert, albert, blare, earl.

50. CHARADES.—1. Purluin. 2. Pol-ice-man (policeman).

51. CONS.—1. Co-nun-drum (conundrum). 2. Wat Tyler, Will Rufus (what tyler will roof us?)

52. CHARADE.—Cat-a-comb.



## THE ANGEL AND THE CHILD.

(From the French of Reboul.)

A radiant angel gazed upon  
A sleeping infant's tiny face,  
And, mirrored there as in a brook,  
His own resemblance seemed to trace.

"Dear child," he cried, "in whose bright form  
Another self methinks I see;  
Come, let's together soar to bliss—  
Thy mother is not worthy thee.

"Here joy is never free from pain;  
The soul is never quite at rest;  
E'en laughter hath a thrill of woe,  
And sighs lurk in the lightest breast.

"Fear mars each earthly holiday;  
No eve is ever so serene,  
But that the morrow may with clouds  
Eclipse the very sunniest scene.

"That brow so calm would furrowed be  
With grief and care in coming years;  
Those eyes, now bright and blue as heaven,  
Must oftentimes be dimmed with tears.

"Come, roam with me the fields of space,  
Far from the lower haunts of man;  
King Providence in every love  
Cuts short thy little being's span.

"Let no one in thy earthly home,  
When thou art gone, wear robe of dearth;  
Nay, let them hail thy parting hour  
More gladly than the day of birth.

"Let clouds of grief no visage dim,  
And no one mourn above thy tomb;  
For thee the day of heavenly birth  
Is far more fair than earthly dome."

Spreading his wings of purest white,  
The angel at these words is fled  
Up to his deathless home of light.  
Mother bereaved, thy babe is dead!

## NO, DECIDEDLY NO!

BY MAUDE MAY.

"Ah! the women form a slippery element. In these days, it would be extremely refreshing to get a decided 'no,' the fashion being to say 'yes,' and if convenient, to jilt a fellow afterward."

They thought he could never have been in love, or had been ignominiously jilted; but, of course, both conjectures were wrong. He had fancied himself in love very often, but as yet had never met with the fate which he foolishly asserted was so common. What he said for, I'm sure he could not tell himself, unless by the extravagance of the speech he hoped to gain a momentary supremacy among his fellows. People often do get tired of the beaten track of conversation, and risk saying an absurd thing for the sake of going off by themselves.

Elmer Maxwell was just sufficiently blasé to enjoy such notoriety; but, alas for poor Elmer! his joy was destined to be of short duration.

Young Wayman heard the brief oration, and thought it worth remembering, and, being in that delightful stage of puppyism where to stigmatize his superiors in the *genus homo* was of itself a pleasure, he repeated it, with variations, to Blanche de Estabrooke. Of course he could not have found a more appreciative audience. Blanche was young and enthusiastic enough to undertake the thankless task of defending her species, so, in a state of lady-like wrath, she arched her superb brows over Mr. Maxwell's "unqualified impertinence."

"Really our alluring sex ought to feel grateful to this 'Daniel come to judgment!'" she scornfully said.

While thus encouraged, Mr. Wayman added to the variations, till Elmer Maxwell and his ill-timed cynicism stood out in frightful enormity before Blanche de Estabrooke's eyes.

At periods throughout the following day she thought of it, and, when the unusual prospect of a quiet day promised itself, she recommenced her analysis.

"If I were only a Circe, that could charm him on to love me, and then, when he began the invariable eulogy, wither him with my scorn and sarcasm, what a glorious revenge it would be!" she thought, as she stood by her dressing-table, piling up the coronal of her golden hair. "I wonder if I will ever meet him in society, and if he will ask for an introduction."

She was the only daughter and heiress of Hugh de Estabrooke, Esq. His father was Banker Maxwell, of St. Louis; nothing could be more probable than that they would meet, and so she planned till a servant entered.

"A gentleman in the drawing-room, Miss de Estabrooke."

Blanche let her hair fall from its heavy pile as she asked,—

"Who is the gentleman? Didn't he send his card?"

"No, Miss de Estabrooke, he just said, 'All at home this eve?' and walked past me as if he knew the way."

"Who can it be?"

She arranged her wondrous tresses with renewed vigor, gave a parting glance at the tall glass, and, wending her way down the wide staircase and along the stately hall, stood in the

rose-flushed reception-room, a tall, queenly girl, in black velvet and diamonds.

A gentleman, a tall, handsome fellow, arose at her entrance.

"Miss de Estabrooke, I think?"

Blanche bowed haughtily.

"I am Mr. Maxwell, and at the offset, apologize for my intrusion, or rather hasten to explain my stupid error. I started to call on my sister, Mrs. Secor, and mistook your house for hers. It is next door, I believe, and I am as yet so unused to your streets that I make a great many mistakes. This, however, crowns them all. Still I hope you'll excuse me."

"A very natural mistake for a stranger, and most excusable."

She bowed with grave courtesy as she spoke. Her voice was politely even, but I think he must have seen some animosity lurking in her eyes, for, with all due celerity, he bowed himself to the hall. Blanche was left alone in the reception-room, to think over her shade of an adventure, and quell the rising thoughts.

"I wish I hadn't heard that about him, for I really like his looks, I wonder what his cynical lordship thinks of me?" And she glanced at her reflection in the pier glass. A slight, graceful form, slender, swan-like throat, glossy, golden hair, and such eyes! Deep, shining, azure blue naturally, in the shade gleaming gray, sparkling black in excitement. With such a face and such eyes, what could he think of her but that she was wondrously lovely? "Perhaps, even yet," she thought, shamefacedly to herself, "Fate may bestow upon me the weapons of revenge."

Just then the door bell rang, and the servant brought in a note.

"DEAR BLANCHE:—Elmer says you are alone this evening. If so, will you accept an informal invitation, and spend a few hours with us? Come in just as you are the minute you receive this, and oblige

"Yours, sincerely,

"ADA SECOR."

At first, "dear Blanche" was angry with Elmer for taking so much upon himself; but by-and-by she concluded to accept the invitation. So she went in, found pretty Mrs. Secor very much amused at her brother's adventure, and her brother ready to receive a formal introduction with a *nonchalance* that, to say the least, annoyed her.

She had only made her *début* the preceding season, and in that time had been more admired for her queenly grace, more revered for her stately *hauteur*, than any belle for that years had appeared in the giddy vortex.

Surely Mr. Maxwell could not have been aware of the fact, or he would not assume such an almost condescending air, would not listen with such polite indifference to her graceful platitudes, or lean over the piano with such an unmoved face as her melodious voice filled the room with the harmonious echoes of "Adelaide," or soared away in unpronounceable Italian arias. She changed her fancy then, swept the keys of Steinway's grand piano-forte, and broke into the plaintive melody of the "Land o' the Leal."

"Thank you, Miss de Estabrooke." His face was radiant now. "At the risk of disgracing my taste for ever, I'll boldly assert that your last selection is my favorite style of music—perhaps owing to the same principle which is carried throughout our whole lives. We admire the grandeur of the incomprehensible, but turn with relief to that which we know and love."

"I don't think I quite understand you, Mr. Maxwell. It seems to me that music, even in the abstract, is never incomprehensible. Your principle may apply to outside things, but I really think its bearing upon music is very indirect."

"Do you? I'm sorry my theory meets with your disapprobation, but, not being musical myself, perhaps I did flounder a little."

Blanche, calmly triumphant, allowed her fingers to wander idly over the keys, as she replied,—

"Music always seems to be a little world by itself, removed from idle theory and metaphysics that disturb us here below. For they are disturbing. I like to take life as a beautiful reality, and let metaphysics alone."

"Most ladies do," he replied, laughing carelessly. "They like to accept life as a beautiful reality, themselves being a part of it."

"Ah! So he isn't content to vent his sarcasm among his club companions," Blanche thought, and, folding her jeweled hands, she turned from the piano and looked him in the face.

"Accepting your verdict for the sake of argument, may I ask a question in return? How far superior are the 'lords of creation?' They do not say that such is their acceptance of life, but they act it. A woman of wealth, of position, may have vague longings, but the by-laws of society, so-called, effectually bar their fulfillment, keep her down in her place, as its vocabulary says. Men, on the other hand, have no such difficulties. They are as free as the very air they breathe, and use their freedom by enjoying life to the very utmost; then, in case of a *blasé* sensation, vent their sarcasm upon the weaker sex, point out their inefficiencies, their weaknesses, happily forgetful of the fact that, were we all weighed in the balance, they might be found wanting."

I doubt if, in the whole course of his petted life, Elmer Maxwell had ever so truly admired a woman as at that moment he did Blanche Estabrooke. He was arbitrary and slightly vain, but he had a strong, deep love for the beautiful, either in nature or sentiment.

"Forgive me, Miss de Estabrooke," he said,

extending his hand, "and henceforth number me as one of your converts. I agree with you heartily and unreservedly, and sincerely thank you for opening my eyes to an undeniable fact. We do forget that

"Life is real, life is earnest."

Blanche liked him so much. She was an enthusiastic girl upon some points, and this frank candor was one of them. It was a relief to really talk after being saluted with platitudes so long. She liked him very much; but still her purpose was clear before her. No enthusiastic sayings, no mere emotion, should shake her from it.

They met very often after that. Night after night he might be seen leaning over her at the opera, or treading the mazy waltz to Strauss's divinest inspirations. Day after day he watched for the golden hair, for a glimpse of the fair face on the fashionable promenades. He walked beside her, drove beside her, or, if the weather was unpleasant, wended his way to the brown stone front next to Mrs. Secor's home. There he hung enraptured over the piano in the little rose-flushed room, or she, toying with pretty wools, would lift her bewildering eyes, and ask Mr. Maxwell to read to her while she finished those slippers for papa. Sometimes she let him make his own selections from Owen Meredith, Longfellow, and Tennyson, and once he read the whole of "In Memoriam."

Mr. de Estabrooke liked him—liked better still his evident *penchant* for fair, stately Blanche. But Blanche herself! Who could fathom Blanche? At last it came to an end.

Elmer came in one morning with a cloud upon his handsome face. Blanche looked up, and seeing something was coming, asked no questions, till he began,—

"I'm going home to-morrow."

She had been prepared for this for some time.

"Indeed? It must be a premature decision."

"It is no decision of mine at all. My mother is ill, and though not dangerously so, has sent a telegram for me. Otherwise, you know I would be content to linger here indefinitely."

"You will not return very soon, I suppose?"

No trembling, no emotion in her voice.

"I will not, except on one condition."

The white and crimson wool over which she bent became more intensely interesting. He, with his strong hands, pushed the mass away.

"Do you want to know what that condition is?"

She looked up fearlessly.

"No, for I know it already."

"And you will be my wife, Blanche, won't you?"

Her hour of triumph had come, her espousal of her sex's wrongs; but her anticipation of pleasure was not quite realized, as she answered,—

"No, decidedly no! When a gentleman selects his club for asserting that ladies in these days simply say 'yes' for the pleasure of afterward refusing, and for his part, he would feel quite refreshed to get a decided 'no,' I like the pleasure of refreshing him."

She had expected that her speech would have the effect of making him plead more earnestly; that he would humbly acknowledge his error; but, instead of that, he merely arose from his seat, and for a moment stood before her.

"No more, Miss de Estabrooke, please. When a man asks a woman to become his wife, and offers her his undivided love, he can offer no higher proof of his esteem. No true woman would select such a time for arranging any fancied wrong, for in this case, the wrong is entirely fancied; and, more than this, Miss de Estabrooke, a true woman, such as I imagined you to be, would never stoop to enact such a revenge. You did it for my good, I presume. Well, in parting from you with open eyes, I can only pity any poor, blind successor, who may be the next victim of your philanthropical schemes."

Another moment, and he was gone. Blanche was left alone in the middle of the room, anguished in the tumult of her own miserable thoughts. Her revenge was so mean, so trivial—and she loved him! She loved him with her whole heart, soul and strength. She could not call him back; she could not throw herself upon his mercy. He despised her, he mistrusted her, he went gladly from her presence. His wounded, deadened love would take the form of ambition. Men would rise and call him great, and she—ah! She could only

"Watch and love him better than he knew."

Elmer went away next morning, and Mrs. Secor accompanied him. Blanche watched him through the lace curtains of her own room, and felt her heart sinking, slowly sinking, as she saw the smile with which he assisted Ada into the carriage, the affected horror of his face as he placed Baby Secor beside her mother, then jumped in gayly, looking as carelessly at De Estabrooke mansion as if he had never entered it.

Blanche turned slowly from the window,

"Saying only, it might have been."

Society had claims upon her, after that, and she satisfied society, talked, laughed, danced and flirted, as if no shadow had ever ruffled her popularity. Even to herself, to her heart, she tried to say she did not care; but of course the result was a failure, her heart being the repository of all vague longings and regrets which beset her almost hourly.

An indefinite number of successors took the place of the departed Mr. Maxwell. Miss de Estabrooke smiled upon them all, and, before the season was over, had the "hardest" name of all the reigning flirts. She did not care for

that, however. She had said once, and believed always, that flirting was the lowest use a woman could make of the talents her God had given her; but theory and practice do not always go hand in hand, and now, outwardly at least, Miss de Estabrooke gloried in the list of the "fallen."

Girls hated her. To a certain extent they always do hate a contemporary. Agtann recognized the fact, and said,—

"A fairer face, a higher place,

More worship, more applause,

Will make a woman loath her friend,

Without a deadlier cause."

Blanche recognized it in her own experience, and smiled at the recognition. To her the amusement was like some sparkling wine, enlivening at the time, lasting, depressing in its effects.

Mrs. Secor returned, and from time to time there floated upon Blanche news of Elmer Maxwell's rising fame. In the bar he was looked upon as an authority, in politics, despite his youth, men respected him. The mystic ranks of literature he invaded, always meeting with success.

Ah, well! She was his inspiration. Even in her humiliation that was a comfort.

At last spring wore itself away, summer arrived, and with it the Long Branch season. Miss de Estabrooke drew heavily upon her father's well-filled purse, saw that an elaborate wardrobe was prepared, and then, chaperoned by a widowed cousin, started for the campaign. Of course the gentlemen were delighted to see her. She was well established by this time, and stepped naturally into her place of pre-eminent belle.

"Who is here?" she asked the evening of her arrival, as she swept along the veranda leaning on Clire Gower's arm.

"Couldn't begin to tell," he answered. "But as your question doubtless refers to the gentlemen, I'll do my best. There are the usual set—Leigh, Werner, Dick Leslie, but Elmer Maxwell is the lion. There he is now, coming along with Miss Helen Markham. It is said that they are engaged, for she was our belle before Miss de Estabrooke came."

She was too faint to thank him for the compliment—escape was all she wanted.

"It feels damp, take me in, please," she said, quickly, and in mute dismay. Then she went to her room, and thought—thought over all her past conduct till she grew calm, and went down with a fixed determination on her face. In the hall she met him, the lion of the day, the man whom she had refused nine months before.

"How do you do, Mr. Maxwell?" she said, advancing with outstretched hands, and a grave smile of welcome.

"Miss de Estabrooke! This is an unexpected pleasure!" Cool, but friendly; nothing remarkable in his manner. "Have you been here long, Miss de Estabrooke?"

"No; I only came this morning."

"You have arrived at the acme of gayety, then. Are you going to the ball-room?"

"No. I am looking for my cousin."

"Will you take my arm?" Perhaps I can assist you in your search."

Ten minutes after, they were strolling along the veranda, and Blanche was saying,—

"I have heard of your success, Mr. Maxwell. Will you allow me to congratulate you?"

"Thank you; but to me congratulations seem like a mockery till some pinnacle of fame has been reached. And I, as yet, am only on the road."

"Yes; but when you are once fairly started on the road, the ascent is easy. May I go further, and congratulate you upon a still happier event?"

"You refer to my reported marriage with Miss Markham? No, you may not congratulate! If it were true, which it is not, congratulations from your lips would be mere mockery."

He thought of her, then? In a moment the girl beside him was standing still; her face, revealed in the moonlight, was passionately pleading, her eyes were mutely imploring, and the two beautiful white arms were clasped together on his arm.

"I want to tell you," she said, "and I want you to listen to me. It hurts my pride, but even that I can bear. You despise me, I know, and I deserve it; but oh! I have suffered for my folly. I wanted to be heroic; I thought it would be a lesson to you. I thought you would say something more, and I would relent. I never imagined you would leave me as you did."

He clasped her to him.

"My darling! Blanche! Did you love me then, and do you now?"

Her happy face was his answer.

They buried their mutual follies in the grave of the past, and began a new future of a happier, truer future than they had ever dreamed of.

THE FUNNY MAN IN AN OMNIBUS.—A conductor asked me to "Make a little room."—Says I, "You want me to make a little room, to you?"—Says he, "Yes, I do so."—Says I, "What kind of a room do you want—a bath-room or a billiard-room?"—Says he, "Sir, there is room for six on this seat."—Says I, "Sir, there isn't."—Says he, "There are six on the other side."—Says I, "I see it, and there are five on this side now, and you tell me there is room for six more."—Says he, "I mean there is room for one more."—Says I, "Well, why in thunder didn't you say so? One isn't six."—He smiled with such an expression of entire woe that the driver shouted "Whoa" to his horses.